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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Principles of Geology; being an Attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, &c. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Vol. II. London, 1832. Murray.

THE *Principles of Geology*, from the authority of Mr. Lyell's name, but more particularly from the space that is given to their development, are assuming an imposing form, and require some examination. The second volume, now published, is entirely filled up with details of the changes of the organic world still in progress—the geographical distribution of animals—the embedding of organic remains in alluvium and in subaqueous deposits—and the formation of coral islands; and if the other parts of the subject are discussed in the same full manner, instead of two volumes, as originally intended, we shall have six—a fertility of illustration to which we should not object if we met with more method and a stricter analysis in the execution.

In the first place, we have four long chapters devoted to the consideration of whether species have any existence in nature. It certainly is a stumbling-block to modern geology, to find, buried in the crust of the earth, animals created after a different type to those now met with on the surface of the globe, and forms which give consistency to the wildest of the supposed fabulous accounts of remote antiquity. There were two ways of discussing this important question; the one, strictly geological—by pointing out the correctness, and establishing by able applications, the validity of Baron Cuvier's views on the certainty of the *osteogenic* laws; more especially when it is beginning to be whispered that that great fabric raised to the author's immortality, in "an art almost unknown, and which presupposed a science whose first developments had scarcely yet been traced—that of laws which regulate the co-existence of the forms of the different parts in organised beings,"—is about to fall before the gradual accumulation of facts which tend to disprove the certainty of the arguments deduced from the constancy of form. Illustrations of this kind would have received additional value from an elaborate exposition of the invariable manner in which distinct species are always met with in contemporaneous formations, and that when they lose their specific characters they were the inhabitants of a different medium, or existed under different circumstances. The second order of illustrations was to be derived entirely from the animal kingdom—not from the theoretical views of Lamarck, to the consideration of which the author has devoted so much space—but from the progress of comparative anatomy, the researches of Marcel de Serres, of Laurencet and Meyraut, and of Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. Opinions founded upon anatomical considerations connected with the development of the fetus in the egg, the organ-

isation of the lower animals, and the deviations from the normal structure observed in monsters, have been the foundation of the views of modern naturalists on unity of organisation; and the relations which it implies between organised bodies and the conditions of their existence—that is to say, the external physical agents with which they are in necessary relation, and upon which the integrity and action of their functions depend—is a philosophy which merits the most elaborate examination, and will not bear to be lightly passed over. Had Mr. Lyell been well acquainted with the ground-work of these geological problems, he would never have asked such an unphilosophical question as, Why have not the savages of Borneo acquired, by dint of longing for many generations for the power of climbing trees, the elongated arms of the ourang, or even the prehensile tails of some monkeys?—It is always much more easy to ridicule a theory than to disprove its soundness. The gradations by which the elective affinity of organs and "the principal of connexions" reduces the organisation of the higher animals to a uniform type, are not by such extravagant concessions of structure or addition of parts as Mr. Lyell would have the uninitiated to believe.

We observe in these chapters a lengthened view of F. Cuvier's ideas upon domestication, which, in themselves unobjectionable, are so remotely connected with the subject, that it would have been sufficient if that connexion had been pointed out. The phenomena of hybrids are more remarkable as we descend in the scale of the creation; in the higher animals nature appears to have put a bar to the continuation of cross-breeds. Tiedmann's researches on the brain of the fetus are of importance to arguments of this kind; and we could have reminded Mr. Lyell of Rathke's discoveries respecting the respiratory organs, as bearing evidence on the same point.

There are six chapters on the geographical distribution of plants and animals. The author had two objects in view—to establish the laws by which the habitations and stations of plants and animals are ordered, and the anomalous cases in which these laws are infringed; and the relations which the phenomena at present observable in the distribution of organic nature bear to those which modern science has found to exist in the successive creations buried in the crust of the globe. The materials accumulated by the laborious naturalists of the continent; and our own country, furnish data which would now allow conclusions to be made upon this most interesting subject, which would at once give some character to the study, and assert the progressive march which geological science has been making for these few years past.

It is quite a mistaken notion to deduce from such an investigation that the narrow limits in which so many species are now confined is caused by the remodelling of the globe, from time to time, by igneous and aqueous agents. This can, at the best, only be applicable to seas

which become isolated or join with others in the same manner; as, according to Bory St. Vincent, in two different infusions you have animals of distinct characters; mingle the two, and you have animals partaking of the characters neither of the one nor the other. True it is, that mysteries which natural science, as formerly studied, could never reach, have at length had much light thrown on them by philosophical anatomy and by geology, the latter of which could only inquire into the state of the animate creation as it now exists, with a view of pointing out its relations to antecedent periods, when its condition was different; and we are glad to find that Professor Lyell has not shut his eyes to the facts contained in that science of which he stands before us as the representative,—and we shall wait impatiently for that body of materials amassed, as he says, by the industry of modern geologists, which have led him in modesty to suppose that, out of two millions of species, exclusive of microscopic beings, one annual birth and one annual death would effect such great changes in the animal kingdom.

If there is one part of Mr. Lyell's work that will be read with more interest than another, it is the mass of information he has accumulated upon the changes undergone on the earth's surface, in the interment of organised substances, in the conversion of plants into peat and bog earth, the formation of floating islands, the burial of human remains beneath sands and land-slips—(where can there be a more striking illustration of the disappearance of towns than on the shores of the Bay of Biscay; yet why are these monuments of changes yet going on neglected?)—the embedding of organic remains in subaqueous deposits, and of aquatic species in subaqueous strata. We are rejoiced to see the excellent illustrations of the formation, &c. of coral islands given by Captain Beechey, now embodied in elementary scientific works. We cannot conceive any thing that can convey a more accurate idea of these frail gifts of the deep, to those who have not traversed the southern seas, than some of these illustrations. Supposing, with Mr. Lyell, that these islands may be all summits of volcanoes, we do not see that this renders the explanation given in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London*, of the horizontal elevation of the water, which protects the exposed side of the island, curving round from this starting point to leave an entrance at the opposite end, where the horizontal growth of the polypifers is not impeded—less applicable to the explanation of the actual appearance presented by these immense products of animalcule creation. The earth having been given to man as a vast patrimony, the advantage of knowing it well should not remain a privilege; and we are certain that Mr. Lyell's labours will be appreciated by a discerning public.

* Cuvier's Essay on the Theory of the Earth.

The Member: an Autobiography. By the Author of "the Ayrshire Legates," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1832. Fraser.

WE have here another specimen of Mr. Galt's dry humour and shrewd observation, in the doings and remarks of a Scots nabob during several sessions of Parliament in which he was "the Member" for the borough of Fraitown. Such an autobiography, it may readily be imagined, partakes more of the leaven of politics than could be congenial with our pages; and therefore we shall content ourselves with extracting only such a limited portion of the writer's opinions as may serve to afford a fair idea of the writer's talent in this small volume. The opening dedication to the celebrated and most efficient *whipper-in* of the Tory members, is not the worst bit of the book.

"To William Holmes, Esq. M.P."

"The Girlards, Jan. 1, 1832."

"My dear sir,—I beg leave to inscribe to you this brief memoir of my parliamentary services, and I do so on the same principle that our acquaintance, Colonel Napier, refers to as his motive in dedicating that interesting work, the History of the Peninsular War, to the Duke of Wellington. It was chiefly under your kind superintendence that I had the satisfaction of exerting myself as an independent member, really and cordially devoted to the public good, during many anxious campaigns; and now, retired for ever from the busy scene, it is natural that I should feel a certain satisfaction in associating your respected name with this humble record. If the Reform Bill passes, which an offended Providence seems, I fear, but too likely to permit, your own far more brilliant and distinguished career as a patriotic senator, is probably also drawing to a conclusion; and withdrawn, like me, to a rural retreat, in the calm repose of an evening hour, no longer liable to sudden interruption, it may serve to amuse your leisure to cast an eye over the unpretending narrative of scenes and events so intimately connected in my mind with the recollection of your talents, zeal, and genius, in what, though not generally so considered by the unthinking mass, I have long esteemed nearly the most important situation which any British subject can fill; but which, alas! is perhaps destined to pass away and be forgotten, amidst this general convulsion, so fatal to the established institutions of a once happy and contented country. If, indeed, my dear and worthy friend, the present horrid measure be carried into full effect, it is but too plain that the axe will have been laid to the root of the British oak. The upsetting, short-sighted conceit of new-fangled theorems will not long endure either the aristocratic or the monarchic branches; and your old office, so useful and necessary even under a well-regulated social system, will fall with the rest; for the sharp, dogged persons likely to be returned under the schedules, will need no remembrancer to call them to their congenial daily and nightly task of retrenchment and demolition. A melancholy vista discloses itself to all rational understandings;—a church in tatters; a peerage humbled and degraded—no doubt, soon to be entirely got rid of; that poor, deluded man, the well-meaning William IV., probably packed off to Hanover; the three pence down to two, at the very best of it; a graduated property-tax sapping the vitals of order in all quarters; and, no question, parliamentary grants and pensions of every description no longer held sacred! May you be strengthened to endure with firm-

ness the evil day; and if the neighbourhood of London should become so disturbed as to render Fulham no more that sweet snug retirement I always considered it, sure am I, that by making my little sequestered place here your temporary abode during the raging of the storm, you would confer much real pleasure and honour on myself and family. We have capital fishing, both trout and salmon, close at hand; and the moors are well enough all about us—what with blackcock, grouse, ptarmigan, and occasionally roes, of which the duke's woods near harbour many. Here we might watch afar off the rolling of the popular billows, and the howlings of the wind of change and perturbation, and bide our time. Once more, dear Mr. Holmes, accept the sincere tribute of esteem and regard from your old friend and pupil, and humble servant at command, ANCH. JOBBY."

"P.S. Herewith you will receive four brace moorfool, 2 ditto B. cocks, item three hares, one side of a roe, and one gallon whisky (*véritable antique*); which liberty please pardon.—Jan. 2. I am credibly informed that the weavers of Guttershiels, over their cups on hogmanee and yesterday, were openly discussing the division of landed properties in this district! What have not these demented ministers to answer for?"

We will not meddle with Mr. Jobby's reasons for getting into Parliament—the chief of which is, to be able to make provision for his poor relations, without trenching on the fortune he has brought from India. In his negotiation he thus declares his principles:—"Between Whigs and Tories I can make no distinction—a Tory is but a Whig in office, and a Whig but a Tory in opposition; which makes it not difficult for a conscientious man to support the government."

So pliable and acute withal, (if we may apply that term to genuine northern cunning and sagacity), Mr. Jobby obtains his seat at a moderate cost; the history of which is characteristic and amusing;—and when in the house he confirms his political preconceptions.

"It appeared (he says), when I came to think of it, that the great cause which stirred men to be in opposition to government, was to provide for their friends and dependents; and that that was the secret reason why the Opposition found such fault with existing institutions and places, and why they put forth new plans of national improvement, which they pledged themselves, if ever they got into office, to carry into effect. Time has verified this notion. Under the pretext of instituting better official and judicature arrangements, new ones have been introduced by the Opposition when they came into power, which enabled them to provide for their friends and dependents; but they were obliged to indemnify those who enjoyed the old offices. Whether the change was an improvement or not, I would not undertake to maintain; but the alteration was very conducive to the acquisition of a new stock of patronage. With very little individual suffering, the change necessarily superseded and set aside those who did the work under the old system; but as there would have been gross injustice in turning adrift the old servants, they were provided for by an indemnification, and the new servants had all the new places to themselves over and above: in time, as the old servants died off, the evil was remedied."

Mr. Jobby's subsequent election-contests are all described in Mr. Galt's own manner; and once, when nearly beaten, we have a neat touch of his drollery. "'Trust to Providence, and do your best,' cried Mr. Tough. This

shews to what desperation our cause was reduced."

In the following we have a glance at matters of greater importance, which, though put forth in a fiction, are not the less deserving of attention.

"In truth, it is a great defect in our government, that the plans of public improvement are left entirely at the discretion of their projectors, who, if they be plausible persons, soon find support enough, by which works are undertaken that supersede others of more utility, and yet afterwards prove great losses. No private bill, for improvements of any sort, should be allowed to go before the House of Commons until the importance of the improvement proposed has been certified by a board or department of government." I said to him 'that he was very right; but it was thought that these things were best left to the freedom and discretion of those who were interested in them.' 'I would, perhaps,' said he, 'leave a good deal to that opinion; but if the business of government be the protection of property, and I can see but little use for it besides, surely it is a blameable negligence to let the nation grow rife with public projects without investigating their utility.'

"No truth can be more self-evident than that there has been a withdrawing from us of some secret thing that must have counteracted the burdens of the war. Have you any notion what it can be?' 'It can be no small matter, Mr. Blount, since it is equivalent in effect to millions on millions of pounds sterling. In my opinion, it can have been no less than a great sum subtracted from the money among hands, or what the political economists call a contraction of the circulating medium.' 'By Jove,' cried Mr. Blount, 'you have hit the nail on the head. The Bank has contracted its issues to a vast amount, equal to much of the reduced taxation; the country bankers are like shelled peascods, not a tittle in their notes to what they were: no bills are circulating for the munitions of war. Upon my word, Mr. Jobby, I do think that all our evils arise from our contracted circulation.'

"One remark made by Mr. Dipthong, however, on the poor-rates, struck both me and Mr. Blount as very uncommon. 'Much,' said he, 'of this unhappy state of the country lies in a mere name; and were a little pains taken to place the matter in a proper light and ministration, a great deal of the discontent among the rural population would be appeased. There has grown up,' he continued, 'a disposition to consider all those as paupers who are employed by the parishes, as well as those who are assisted by alms by the parishes. This should be rectified.' Mr. Blount, evidently surprised to hear him say so, inquired what he meant. 'I mean,' was his reply, 'that the money raised to mend the parish roads, and to do other parish work, ought not to be included in the poor-rates; for where the parish gets work done in return for employing the labourers when work is scarce, it ought not to be considered that the wages of these labourers are alms. It would be just as equitable to call the bricklayers who are now building the new church paupers, as those poor men who are breaking stones for the improvement of the highways. And thus it is that I say the error is in a name. Why not call the fund that is made use of for parish improvements the labour fund, and keep it distinct from the poor-rates? Were this done, certain am I, from what I have observed in our own parish, there

would not be found any such increase of pauperism, as it has been of late years so much the fashion to enlarge upon. Indeed, I am so well convinced of this, that I do not believe the real poor-rates are at this time so great as they were at the beginning of King George the Third's reign, if the increase of population be considered—I mean the amount paid to the aged and infirm, for whom alone they are raised."

Mr. Galt, from the mouth of this Mr. Diphthong, recommends emigration and public works as remedies: we wonder he has not added the allotment of small portions of land to the industrious poor, certainly one of the most obvious, easy, and effective boons which could be conferred on the people of Great Britain.

But, having been seduced, if not into a political, at least into a politico-economical remark, by Mr. Galt's lucubrations, we shall amend the lapse by now taking leave of them; only adding, that in a little pathetic episode respecting a family named Selby, ruined by a patriotic endeavour of the father to serve his country, and a long-protracted suit to ministers for reimbursement, we think we can recognise a real case of individual hardship, the principal party concerned in which literally died, not long since, of distress and broken-heartedness.

Le Talisman; Morceaux Choisis, inédits, de Littérature Contemporaine. A. Levavasseur et F. Astoin, Editeurs. Paris, 1832, Giraldon-Bovinet; London, Longman and Co. THE illustrations of this very pretty volume we have already praised in our mention of the English Annuals. The literary contents are very various, and possess a degree of originality and talent which may well vie with our own,—and all strongly marked by the new spirit of French literature. We will first give a free version of a lively story, written to illustrate one of the prints, and then proceed to make a few remarks on the poetry.

"In the month of September, a young man arrived from Paris at Dieppe, and took up his residence at l'Hôtel de l'Europe. He was idle, had been fortunate, and the sole object of his stay was some little adventure, some ball-room conquest, wherewith to be employed, and whereof to be vain. Well, in the hotel there lodged a lady, young, and enveloped in all the attraction of the most profound mystery. No one knew her; she went neither to the baths nor to the balls; and she had not even a servant with her to be bribed. All in the hotel were raving about her beauty, her grace, and her dignified manner. Of a night they would steal up stairs to catch the tones of her voice, for she sang exquisitely. Our young Parisian's head was completely turned. To have such a neighbour, with the face, they said, of an angel—he knew she had the voice of one,—and yet neither to be able to see her nor to speak to her—it was enough to drive him wild. He bought a guitar, and composed songs where the word neighbour (*voisine*) served as a rhyme to the word unknown (*inconnue*). He sat and sang all day long, his room-door wide open, and with as much tenderness as could well be thrown into a human voice. It was quite in vain—song and guitar were equally wasted. At length he resolved on writing: the crow-quill which traversed the paper was his mistress; a world of Cupids, grapes, vases, and roses, crowded the border of the paper; the seal was of azure blue wax, and bore a dove ready for flight. The whole staircase was perfumed as he bore the

scented epistle to the servant he had paid to convey it. But the letter and its half-dozen successors shared the same fate. Our Parisian was stupefied with astonishment: what! had he, the utterly irresistible, remained a fortnight under the same roof with a young and pretty woman, and only learnt that she went by the name of Mde. Paul, a name which was not even supposed to be her own! Love has many stages, and the young Frenchman had arrived at one very unusual with him, viz. melancholy. One day he was roused from a disconsolate reverie by one of the servants, whom he had bribed to observe the motions of Mde. Paul, running in to inform him that she was just gone down to the quay, to see a packet which was endeavouring to enter the harbour in the teeth of a contrary wind. In an instant he was on his way to the quay. The sea was very rough. The whole town was gathered on the heights which commanded the coast, watching the vessel, which seemed, in sheer madness, forcing its way despite of the furious wind and the falling tide. The gale blew so strong, that the colossal crucifix of Notre Dame de Bon-seours bent like a hazel wand. 'Twas a gallant sight—the bold steam-boat, painted with divers colours, lighted up by one of those chance rays which struggle through the darkest skies, while the background was formed by one enormous black cloud. Now, the vessel seemed in air, as it rode the ridge of some gigantic wave; and then again seemed lost in one of those depths formed by the stormy sea—valleys, indeed, of the shadow of death. A dense column rose, undulated like a serpent, high as the mast, and from out of it, like a tongue of flame, shone the red top-gallant. 'It is the Northumberland, an American steam-boat: by Our Lady, she carries the stripes and stars aloft!' cried the captain of the port. 'Yonder is her captain, disputing with a tall man in a naval uniform. Faith! but the captain's right: it is madness to think of entering the harbour this weather. Still, his tall companion insists. How can they risk such a noble vessel!' In advance of the crowd, her feet on the wet and slippery pebbles, so near that the foam dashed in flakes of snow over her shoes, stood a female, immovable, with her eye fixed on the naval officer, whom she could distinctly see by means of a small telescope. Her deep mourning told the Parisian it was his unknown. To catch sight of her face, he went knee-deep in the water: he stood directly before her; but, so intent was her gaze on the approaching vessel, that she saw him not. Suddenly a dark shadow fell over him; a loud cry from the spectators warned him of his danger; the next moment a gigantic wave burst over his head. He sank, struggled, rose, and, dizzy and dripping, scrambled to the shore, amid the laughter which his safety ensured. The first thing he saw was the beautiful unknown laughing too. He cast upon her a look of bitter reproach. She extended her hand to him. 'Ah, how I blame myself!' said she, in a low sweet voice: 'it is for my sake you came, did you not? do forgive me.' Our young Parisian now was fairly out of his senses. At this moment a general shout announced that the steam-boat had tacked: away she bounded from the shore, like a sea-bird over the waters. 'Ah!' said Mde. Paul, with a deep-drawn breath, and a peculiar expression of countenance, 'so much the better. I do not (turning to her companion) ask if you love me—I know it—I am sure of it. Come at five o'clock to my room: I will order dinner for two. Do not fail: I must speak to you: to-morrow it will be too late.' From that time till five o'clock he was at his

toilette. Five struck: he felt he was, as ever, irresistible, and he hurried to his appointment. She was singing a wild sweet song as he entered; and her back turned to the door, gave him an opportunity of observing, as she leant over her guitar, the most exquisite shoulders and the prettiest-shaped head in the world. She rose with such graceful confusion, and her long eyelashes fell over black eyes—black as Gulaure's when their light wakened the slumbers of the Pirate. She was now dressed in white, her rich dark hair was gathered up by combs of gold, her girdle was of gold also, and so were the massive bracelets on her arm, whose symmetry a sculptor might have modelled. They sat down to dinner, and all embarrassment floated away on the champagne: coffee, liqueurs, and confidence, came together. 'My name is Allegra,' said the beautiful stranger: 'I was born at Naples, and the revolution which deprived Murat of his crown, deprived my father, also, of his country. He fled to America, carrying with him, however, the best part of his wealth, which, from his solitary habits, accumulated from year to year. As my evil fate would have it, when on the verge of womanhood, he formed an acquaintance with a young Englishman, Sir George Walsingham, who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. My father died—God forgive my suspicions if unjust—but his death was strange and sudden. On opening his will, it was found that all his property was left to me—but on condition that I married Sir George Walsingham, who otherwise inherited, to my exclusion. I implored his mercy; told him I never could return his affection; and at last, finding refusals and reproaches in vain, I fled hither with what money and jewels I had. Alas, even here he has pursued me! Sir George Walsingham was the officer who urged the Northumberland to the dangerous trial of to-day: in a few hours he will be here; he will claim me as his wife, and I have no resource. Will you save me from a fate more horrible than death?' 'With my life; only tell me what to do,' said Eugene, gazing on a face lovely as a dream. 'You must stay here: I will go to meet him, and be the first to propose a reconciliation. We will send for the priest, who will marry us.' 'Marry you and Sir George?' 'Yes; you will follow us to church, and as we come out you will kill him.' 'Kill him?' 'Well?' 'But it will be an absolute murder—an assassination.' 'Murder and him! it is a justice—a duty; are you a coward?' She sprang to her feet,—the veins darkened on her white brow, her cheek colouring crimson, and her eyes flashing, as if she at least knew not the meaning of fear. 'But,' said the Parisian, pale with contending passions, 'what needs this marriage?' 'What? let him revel in my father's wealth, which I can only inherit as his widow?' He caught the earnest gaze of her large bright eyes, the pleading of her beautiful mouth, the sweetness of whose breath was even on his cheek;—he caught her small white hands, and swore upon them to do her will. 'You must leave me now,' said she; 'it is late.' She led him to the door; and as it closed, he again met those radiant eyes, and surely love was in their long and lingering look. That night the hotel was disturbed by an arrival. The wind had changed, and the packet entered the harbour. Next morning he learnt that Sir George Walsingham had come; he learnt, too, that orders had been sent to prepare the chapel for a marriage. In vain he sought another interview with Allegra. A carriage at length drove up

to the door. Supported by a tall, dark, stern-looking man, Allegra was borne to the vehicle; Eugene followed it, and arrived just as the ceremony was concluding. Sir George held his victim by the arm, and fixed his fierce eye upon her with a cold and cruel expression; she was almost hidden by her veil; but she was trembling, and the little of her face that could be seen was white as the marble of the monuments around. The ceremony was at an end, and they left the chapel. Instantly the young Parisian sprang forward, and struck the bridegroom on the face. 'Liar, murderer, and coward!—do you dare follow me?' The Englishman started, and then struck him in return. 'For life or for death—yours or mine!' cried Eugene, offering him one of two pistols. They retreated a few paces, fired, and both fell—Sir George shot through the heart—the Parisian dangerously wounded. He was carried to his hotel, where he lay for some hours insensible. At length he was able to speak. His last recollection was of seeing Allegra fainting in the arms of the attendants. 'Where is she?' exclaimed he, looking round the room eagerly. 'Who, sir?' 'Allegra—Lady Walsingham—Madame Paul.' 'Your neighbour?' 'Yes; where is she?' 'She left the town some hours since.' 'Gone?' and he sank back on his pillow. No message had been left—no trace of her could be discovered; but one of the servants brought him a locket he well remembered seeing her wear, hung to a hair chain, round her neck that fatal evening. It opened with a spring, and contained the miniature of a singularly handsome young man; but it was neither Sir George's likeness nor his own!"

We have said that the poetry is very characteristic of the present spirit of French literature: it is enthusiastic, fresh, touched with the love of solitude and of scenery, and as different from the old school of neat antithesis, elegant point, and graceful compliment, as is well possible. Exaggeration is now the sin chiefly to be deprecated, and good taste the requisite principally to be studied. Among those pieces with which we have been especially pleased, we must mention *Corinne Aimée*, by Delphine Gay, now Mad. Emile de Girardin. The last line, where she concludes the contrast, is a beautiful idea:

We dare believe in happiness
Bought by so many tears.

We also like *Reproches and Solitude*, by Mlle. Marie Nodier Mennissier. *Un Voyageur*, by Victor Hugo, is as touching as it is original: and as a whole we recommend this little volume.

The Solitary: a Poem. By Charles Whitehead. 8vo. pp. 87. London, 1831. Wilson.

We take great shame to ourselves that these pages should furnish matter for review in 1832. "Oh, fallen mid evil tongues and evil days!" well may the poet exclaim, when a work of great thought and beauty remains unnoticed in a journal whose effort, at least, is to cater as much as possible for the public gratification. The truth is, and we ask our author's indulgence when we make the acknowledgment, that this volume deserves to have been reviewed months ago. We must mention one or two elucidatory facts, the more as they bear upon the present state of literature. No one, either in writing or speaking, now-a-days, denies that poetry is fast falling from its former "palmy state": a publisher turns a deaf ear to a poetical speculation; yet the numbers of published poems are enormous. What are we to do with the hundreds of hotpressed tomes that annually

appear but to disappear? Our columns are crowded with matters of great and temporary interest; and we dislike giving the ill-natured attraction of abuse. What are we to do, but take the course we actually follow?—praise where we can, and allow the generality to stand over in good-natured silence. Now, Mr. Whitehead's poem was perchance put aside; but, in giving its companions a second look, as is our rule before final dismissal, we were struck with the thoughtful beauty which pervades the *Solitary*. Its fault is, that it wants plan; still, it is the reverie of one with an eye open to the beauties of nature, and with many elevated and touching chords of feeling. We proceed to justify our praise by extract.

A picture of night.

"And now the moon, bursting her watery prison,
Heaves her full orb into the azure clear,
Pale witness, from the slumbering sea now-risen,
To glorify the landscape far and near,
All beauteous things more beautiful appear:
The sky-crowned summit of the mountain gleams
(Snoozy by the star-point of her glittering spear)
More steadfastly, and all the valley seems
Strewn with a softer light, the atmosphere of dreams!
How still! as though Silence herself were dead,
And her wan ghost were floating in the air;
The moon glides o'er the heaven with printless tread,
And to her far-off frontier doth repair;
O'er-wearied lids are closing every where;
All living things that own the touch of sleep
Are beckoned, as the waning moments wear,
Till, one by one, in valley or from steep,
Unto their several homes they and their shadows creep.
And all at length are gone: the dew impearled
Is hanging on the flower and on the grass,
That when from out the dream-girt under-world
The fairy train to their light measures pass,
Each lady-elf may find a looking-glass,
To bind her hair and smooth her tiny brow;
The moonlight is up-gathered in a mass,
Nor moves upon the waveless water now,
The aspen-leaf scarce stirs upon the stirless bough."

The following were

"Pleasant place, in sooth, for summer reverie."
"Laid at the foot of some old tree, whose boughs,
Leaf-laden, best, their aged shadows wed
In the clear water, on whose surface ploughs
His venturesome way the midge, with trailing thread;
The dusky-spotted moth, his wings half spread,
Goes flapping drowsily across the mere,
The Druid echo slumbers over head,
A shrunk leaf wavers down untimely ere,
No sound that silence hears but the rapt senses hear."

With the exception of the conceit of "freezing the soul into a heavenly glow," the description of a poet is imbued with the spirit of one.

"His youth is as a vision wrought in air,
A huculic realm, a misty land in the sun,
Resort of all the million creatures fair,
Minions of fancy, which continuous run
From the brain's crucible wherein they are spun:
But there are forms of a diviner dream,
Beauty with vestal eyes, pure as a nun,
Love that doth make eternity his theme,
And friendship still unchanged in life's eye-changing stream."

His poetry is as a vessel manned
By love, impelled by strength, or Cupid's bow
Drawn by the strong unerring Pythian's hand;
Or like the unquarried marble, by a blow
Dealt with the fervid force of Angelo,
Struck into life, which, placed in some vast hall,
Freezes the soul into a heavenly glow,
Chastening the air around its pedestal
That it with tongueless echoes may no longer brawl.
His hand lets loose the whirlwind, or subdues
And smoothes the ocean till its rage be still,
Caparisons the clouds in gorgeous hues
Of heaven, and bids the giddy air fulfil,
Unmurmuring, all the impulse of his will;
His spirit breathes through flower and trampled weed,
And puts a voice into the empty rill,
Or dailies with the dew-drop's watery bead,
Hanging upon the thorn, a light-encircled seed.
No doubt invests him yet, nor the dim dread
Of something felt too soon, though ne'er express;
But a faint halo shines his radiant head,
A laurel shade, and with undoubting breast
He holds his course, unshackled, unopposed;
As the maned lion walks the desert free,
Startling the morn, untired as, when in quest
Of some new shore, the irrevocable sea
Rolls on where cleaving prow may never hope to be."

The great obstacle to this poem's popularity is its resemblance in form and rhythm to *Childe*

Harold, which has evidently been the author's model: he had far better imitate and trust to himself. Let your own mind, and no other, fling its shadow on the page—is the best parting advice we can give to any poet.

Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest.
By a Lady. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832.
Cochrane and Co.

In the earlier pages of these volumes occurs the following note:—"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First in the Civil Wars; who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes; yet it pleased God so to bless the honest endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity." Now this note having as little connexion as possible with the ensuing story, we believe we are not far wrong in the conclusion, that it is inserted by way of a hint. The work in reality is of the present time, but masquerading in that of Charles II. For Norman Abbey read Newstead Abbey; for Evelyn de Fontayne read Lord Byron,—and we have the key to the mysteries of *Sherwood Forest*. The most important feature in the narrative is "the young lord's boyish attachment" to a fair relative, who, however, bestows her heart and hand upon another; in short, exactly the history of Lord Byron's early love for Miss Chaworth. Parts of this work indicate talent; some of the dialogues are carried on with much spirit; and some of the characters, Lady Rachel for example, are sketched with considerable tact. But the story itself is somewhat purposeless; we are continually in expectation of horrors which do not happen, and of crimes which are never committed; and there are too many gloomy passages which lead to nothing. We quote one or two which best serve to mark the identity of the hero.

"Agitated as Lord Fontayne was by the tumult of youthful passions, and bent on a desperate mission, he could not help pausing upon the brow of a rising hill to cast an admiring glance upon his paternal inheritance, with a very pardonable degree of self-exultation. 'It is but a wee bit of barren land!' said he: 'a poor ruin!—a picturesque grouping of crumbling stone and mortar; and that smooth lake no better than a looking-glass for the use of the old Abbey, when she dresses her gray head with garlands of fresh ivy, and wimples herself out with those fantastic towers. Yet, I would not exchange it, and its mantle of green woods, for the finest castle and richest barony in the three kingdoms. It is not for money I care,' continued he, looking towards Ravenstede; 'but these fair lands should never be parted.' With feelings like these Evelyn passed over the rustic bridge, which formed a rude boundary betwixt the contiguous estates, and walked on till he reached the churchyard we have before described. Carefully unlatching the little wicket-gate, he stole into the shrubbery, and discerned through an opening arch of evergreens, that the young heiress was in the act of ascending the stone steps, with the intention of taking the same path by which he had entered. A light basket of osier hung upon her arm, in which she was accustomed to carry daily alms to such of her village pensioners as were disabled by sickness, or old age, from attendance at the hall. She started back a few paces, as the opening gave her a glimpse of Evelyn; but re-

covering herself instantly, she advanced to meet him with her accustomed gaiety and freedom. 'My dear cousin,' said she, after a few minutes' conversation on idle topics, 'what is the matter? You look pale and anxious. Why do we not see you here as formerly? I have a sincere regard for you, and surely we can be friends, if not—' 'Lovers! I suppose you would say?' interrupted Evelyn, in a saddened accent. 'Are you still so resolute—so determined to crush all my hopes, Bertha? You think me only a boy!—Well, be it so. That is a fault of no long standing, yet it will not see my love out. Would to Heaven it were the only obstacle! How cheerily would pass the heavy-footed hours! What a stimulus should I have for every laudable exertion! How I would wait for you—watch over you—pray for you!' 'But you forget, dear Evelyn,' cried Bertha, interrupting him, and blushing as she spoke, 'that I love another!—O! so much, it is impossible for me to—' 'But did you *always* love that other better than me, Bertha?' said Evelyn."

The following letter is written to his sister after his youthful mistress's marriage.

"You know the history of my first unhappy love. It was only a short time before I left town that I met the dear tormenting object of my early vows. We had never met since her marriage, for I had made it a point to avoid every place of amusement where I was likely to meet her. Chance, however, threw me in contact with her husband, who, unconscious of a tenderer sentiment lurking in my bosom than what the laws of consanguinity warranted, rallied me unmercifully upon my neglect of my fair cousin. Whether it was the effect of his satire, or a secret inclination once more to behold Bertha, in the hope of dispelling the illusion which still hung over my imagination, I cannot say. Certain it is, that in a proud fit of desperation I accepted Courtenay's invitation to join a numerous and splendid assembly held at his house. Ah! Isidora, how much had I miscalculated upon the strength of offended pride! On entering the magnificent saloon, all my artificial courage deserted me, and my nerves, wound up to a pitch of much enduring hardihood, became, in one instant, unstrung:—the pompous announcement of my name, re-echoed by that never-to-be-forgotten voice! the inquisitive glance of the gorgeous assembly, (all of whom I foolishly imagined knew of my disappointment, and read it in my eyes!)—O! I can never forget the horror of that moment! Bertha, instead of looking grave and matronly, as I expected, seemed to have grown still more attractive and lively. Her charms were more matured, and she had lost that attenuated look, which, in evening costume, is always a drawback from the perfect elegance of a slight figure. Fortunately, we were not thrown together; yet our eyes often met; and mine, I fear, were sad tell-tales. I was dull and melancholy, cold and abstracted, rarely entering into conversation, and dealing out my brief answers to the common-place questions addressed to me with a distant and measured civility. Bertha, on the contrary, presented the joyous aspect of a happy, unsuspecting wife; although her husband's attentions, occasionally directed towards herself, were more generally bestowed upon a person, who, by her familiar and caressing manners towards Bertha, appeared to insinuate herself into the good graces of the latter. I did not like this woman's countenance and deportment, Isidora. There was something marked and premeditated about her altogether. Her dress

was plain, to the extreme of singularity; her manners uniformly courteous and unobtrusive. She never looked direct at the person she addressed, and when obliged to deliver an opinion, there was a sort of deferential manner, mingled with a retreating calmness of deportment, which forbade a nearer approach to her sentiments, and left you in doubt as to her genuine feelings. Her profession, in short, seemed to be that of a ready listener, rather than a free talker. Blame me not for undue severity, *ma belle sœur*, if I set down these qualities for bad in a person of decidedly good rank, and of a privileged age. I hate, in the first place, to see people afraid of committing themselves by a harmless solecism, cunningly leaving every inch of folly-ground to be trodden over by a set of good-natured, thoughtless devils, whilst they amuse themselves by laughing at them in their sleeve! The woman's courtesy too, Isidora, was not the offspring of benevolence, for there was a devilish sneer in her countenance, which made me shudder. Then as to her dress, there was the very refinement of coquetry in its arrangement; it seemed at once to blind superficial observers by its apparent negligence, as well as to set forth to advantage the charms of a voluptuous person. I did not join the female party till a late hour, and here another mortification awaited me. Bertha's first-born and darling child was struggling in the arms of this female Machiavel, (as I must call her), at the moment of my entrance. I gave an involuntary start, as if the existence of such a being had never been suggested to my mind's eye. The lovely child unconsciously increased my discomfiture by tottering towards me. By a simultaneous impulse I held my arms out to receive it, imprinting upon its soft cheek a warm and fervent kiss. As I turned my eyes upward, I saw the light grey eyes of the aforesaid lady directing the observation of mine host to this truly dramatic scene. Stung to the quick, I hurried away as soon as possible, with a determination never to throw myself into a similar situation, and with a painful presentiment that Bertha's domestic happiness is on the wane. Confound all busy-bodies, female counsellors, and confidential spies!"

What with its personalities, its mystifications, and the interest attached to every thing about Lord Byron, the present production is likely to excite considerable curiosity.

The Botanic Annual. General Principles. Conifera. London, 1832. Cochran and Co.

BOTANY is a pursuit that is beautiful and accessible—a record of seasons and events; for, to use the words of the lamented Ramond, "the memory of how many springs is contained in the sight of a single violet." It is a picture of the surface of the earth, and presents a source of contemplative enjoyment, and of a calm and sweet poetical feeling, that is not to be found in the unruly passions of mankind. So anxious are we for the promotion of all those branches of knowledge which are instructive, and of the same unobjectionable and never-failing interest as the history of plants, from the seedling that lives in the spray of the cataract, to the tall palm that baffles the whirlwind of the desert,—that our feelings go along with an undertaking like the one before us; and nothing but expectations not only damped but altogether destroyed, could stir us into an angry mood.

We shall say nothing about the author's "general principles:" he has in them indulged in some animadversions on book-making; and we should be inclined to tell him it is quite a mistake to imagine that, to be popular, we must omit facts, and abound in illustrations; and that a

writer becomes even tedious, which is quite antipopular, when he deals in reflections which are tinged with any thing like a sour or bitter spirit. Fie! botany teaches better; it is a science of beauty and of sympathy; no one who could discern the harmony contained in the varied forms of the vegetable world, would ever harbour an evil thought against his fellow-creatures. We shall, therefore, turn at once to the monograph of the *Conifera*, for so we call this essay on a most useful and most noble tribe of plants. We were perfectly certain, that if popular works on botany ever came into circulation in this country, the natural system would be found the only one adapted at once to immediate comprehension, and capable of striking illustration. What could be more captivating than being led from the barren rocks of the north, the dwelling-place of the bear and the capercaillie, to the line of eternal snows on the Alps and Pyrenees—to the forests of spruce of the table-land of Mexico, and the groves of China—from the cedar that grows on Lebanon, to the cypress that waves over our neglected tomb? It has been remarked, that it is not quite clear why the tall pyramidal evergreen and almost everlasting cypress should be selected by the ancients as the emblem of death, or rather of eternal sleep, and planted round their sepulchres. The former roots in mother Earth—its body rising naked from the grave, and its tall spiral head pointing to heaven in youthful verdure after the extinction of sixty generations, would rather indicate the Christian's hope of "life everlasting," than the heathen's creed of final annihilation.—But we are forgetting our author. The *Conifera* are among the most important of natural families in an economical point of view; their long branchless stems affording excellent materials for carpenter's work, and their various products being highly useful for numerous purposes. Some species, as the *Pinus Lambertiana*—not named, on account of its size, after Daniel Lambert, but after the worthy President of the Linnean Society—are said to attain a height of 200 feet or more. Our author has neglected to notice the beautiful harmony between the radiated arrangement of the branches, and the peculiar structure of the leaves and petioles, necessitated by alpine habitats, where they are exposed to winds which, if met with the resistance of an expanded branch and flat leaves, could never grow on the mountain-side. The Swiss have, from this fact, given them the name of "*Abritis orage*." Yellow deal, which is the most valued, is the wood of the silver fir; white deal of the spruce fir. The Scotch fir, the only species of the fir tribe which is native of Great Britain, yields turpentine, pitch, tar, and rosin. Pine forests are in few places more striking than in the Landes of Bourdeaux. Their still and unfrequented recesses are haunted by birds and animals that avoid the broad glare of day-light; and the wanderer, when he penetrates into their shady labyrinths, is often almost imperceptibly lost in the gloomy silence of these vast *pinagades*. The *Araucarias* comprise the Chili pine, and the pines of Brazil, of Moreton Bay, and of Norfolk Island. It is certainly very curious to see so well-defined and rather singular a genus of plants ranged round the parallel of nearly the southern tropic, and at such wide distances from one another. The *Dammars* are found in a similarly limited locality, at the extremities of the line, some three thousand miles in length, lying from north-west to south-east, along the Indian ocean, in the same hemisphere as the *Araucarias*. The spruces, the pines, and the larches, on the other hand, are found to have

formerly existed in some of their varieties on all the ridges of mountains in the northern hemisphere, while others cover or have covered sandy or swampy tracts. There are only two species of cedar—that of India, and the cedar of Lebanon, the emblem of prosperity, majesty, strength, and duration, to which the bards of Israel have given immortality, and around which hang so many reverential and sublime recollections. We leave the consideration of these noble specimens of the vegetable creation—characteristic of the forest scenery of so many regions of the world—to the able pen of the author; recommending all who are in search of amusement and instruction to see how graceful even *science* looks in such a gay dress and so luxurious a home.

Probation, and other Tales. By the Author of "Selwyn in search of a Daughter," "Tales of the Moors," &c. 8vo. pp. 473. London, 1832, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Adam Black.

A VERY pleasant volume. The first tale, quite a romance of real life, is both the longest and the best, but ill adapted for the purposes of quotation;—a very picturesque little Italian story, with which the book concludes, better suits our columns as a specimen. We must abridge its commencement; and merely state, that a love-quarrel induced an Italian peasant to enlist in the French army, and that a reconciliation has induced him to desert. He bids adieu to the French army on the receipt of "a billet, which Lucia, not choosing to trust the village scribe with her secrets, contrived to get written, by whom think you? but by the youthful farmer of Rocca di Papa, the rival, but thoroughly generous and disinterested one, of her long-betrothed Gaetano. She told him in plain terms, that were any thing to befall her lover, or were he ever to cross thee, to her, insurmountable barrier of the Appennines, (the Alps she had never thought of,) she would either die or go into a nunnery, which was in his eyes pretty much the same thing. So Giovanni relented, and, like a true knight of old, did his lady's bidding, come of his own love what might. The letter advised (and the advice was, in the true spirit of heroism, dictated by Giovanni himself,) strict and patient concealment in some of the villages nearest the Neapolitan frontier, till pursuit should subside, and the corps he had deserted be fairly on its march to France, then—wrote Lucia's really friendly amanuensis—he might freely return to Castel Gandolfo, and claim his bride as the reward of his obedience. The billet reached our recruit after a hot fatiguing drill, dispirited by his own awkwardness, maddened with camp jests on it—in short, just in a mood to obey all except the sensible part of its injunctions. He waited impatiently for twilight, as, in his soldier's garb, escape by day was impossible; and no sooner had the Ave Maria sounded, and the watch been relieved on the ramparts of St. Angelo, than he glided unperceived from his file amid the retiring guard, and threading precipitately each narrow vicolo between the Ponte Sisto and the Lateran, gained the gate of St. John, and left the Eternal city behind him.

"The distant clatter of hoofs, an unusual sound on the rugged and sequestered road he was travelling, roused him to a sense of danger, acute in proportion to his former security; and instinctively apprehending pursuers in the unknown horsemen, he hailed with transport the sight of a market-cart half filled with straw, and driven by his ancient acquaintance and rival, farmer Giovanni M—. There was no

time for parley, the case spoke for itself; nor did Gaetano, though ignorant of Giovanni's disinterested conduct as Lucia's amanuensis, for a moment suspect him of betraying even a rival, to French gendarmes. In the twinkling of an eye he was deep embedded in the long maize straw, and Giovanni stretched above him, as if half asleep, with real Italian quickness and well-dissembled apathy. No clown of Italian comedy ever received with more genuine stolidity of aspect the inquiries of *Messieurs les gendarmes* after their refractory conscript, than Giovanni; and what answer he chose to give, he enveloped so mysteriously in the *gergo* or *patois* of the mountains, that better linguists than those of the great nation might have been at fault. There was nothing (so the gendarmes opined) to be made of this sleepy-headed, unideal, tongue-tied peasant; so, wheeling their horses with an air of derision, they regained the high road, leaving the two rivals jogging prosperously towards the domicile of Giovanni, a few miles off, at Rocca di Papa. But this abode of peace and industry poor Giovanni was never destined to reach. Ere Gaetano (whom his kind rival took care by his weight to keep in order while danger of surprise from the soldiery remained) could lift up his head to pour out his thanks to one whom he began to think quite as worthy of Lucia as himself, it was forcibly pushed down again, as a fresh cause of alarm presented itself in the appearance of a considerable party of brigands, whom the vicinity of the gendarmes had kept skulking half the day, till their departure left the field open to a deed of meditated villany. It is not often that Italians and equals have to dread the predatory outrages of native robbers. But Giovanni, alas! was rich, and as such, an enemy to brigands; and he was known that very day to have sold produce at a fair, to an amount which made his plunder an object too tempting to be resisted by those, whose foreign sources of rapine the French had pretty well dried up. Poor Giovanni, on the appearance of the party, had no fears but for his comrade's detection, and prevented him so effectually from peeping out to see what was the matter, that the dagger of the leader (as he leant in familiar converse against the side of the waggon,) was buried in his own unsuspecting heart, ere one movement could be made by Gaetano for his rescue. A deep groan from his generous protector, and the muttered imprecations of the banditti, saved him the risk of fruitless exposure to ascertain the catastrophe; nor could he now, single-handed, against a dozen armed men, earn even at any risk, the present pleasure of avenging him. He lay stiller, therefore, than ever, half afraid to breathe, lest by scaring the robbers he should miss the opportunity of consigning to justice, either now or hereafter, the murderers of the kind-hearted Giovanni. The body, after being rudely pulled out of the cart and rifled, was as rudely cast in again; and to Gaetano's secret joy, the plan agreed on by the robbers was to drive the waggon forward towards its destination, consigning it to the first peasant they should meet, with a cock-and-bull story of their having found its owner already murdered on the road. Before starting, they buried, in case of accidents, the booty in a spot which Gaetano durst not rise himself sufficiently to ascertain. But luckily the captain, fond of dress, as brigands usually are, took a fancy to a gay Paris handkerchief which had ornamented the poor farmer's vest for the fair; and snatching it rudely and yet bloodstained from his neck, thrust it into his own bosom till a fitter opportunity for display.

This manœuvre Gaetano distinctly saw, and a providential peep it was for the purposes of justice. The band now separated; but before their dispersion, drew lots who was to officiate as driver of the abandoned waggon. The lot fell on the assassin (a vine-dresser of La Riccia), who, looking as if he did not half like the job, sullenly exchanged his gay captain's habit (carefully retaining the handkerchief, however) for one of the coarse peasant frocks which so often and conveniently transform a nest of banditti into a set of peaceful ordinary-looking peasantry. The waggon at length set forward, and had not proceeded far, when, to the almost equal horror of the robber and Gaetano, their ears were saluted with a wanton incautious shout from one of the dispersing band, meant probably as a signal to his concealed wife, or expecting brood of robber imps, but which the recent vicinity of the gendarmes rendered little short of madness. Their mutual forebodings, all uncommunicated as they were, the event soon realised. The gendarmes had lingered in the neighbourhood, with the view of foraging for refreshments, at a cottage within hearing of the report. Powder, as French soldiers nationally reasoned, was not burnt for nothing; so up they leaped in their saddles, and throwing the old crone who had fed them (as savages propitiate demons through fear) more *baïocchi* than she had ever seen in her life, galloped back in the direction of the shot. 'Sacre!' exclaimed the one who came up first, in a tone of more subdued horror than had often issued from his lips, 'what have we here?' The rustic was stupid enough, heaven knows, and obstinate besides; but that's no reason why he should be murdered in broad day, and with a French police in the country too. 'How came this about, 'tother clodpole, hey? and tell us what hand you had in it?' 'To!!' ejaculated the really trembling robber, throwing up his eyes as if he had never handled stiletto in his life, 'Madre di Dio!' (kissing an image of the Virgin, which had got entangled among the very folds of the bloody handkerchief) 'I murder any one! a countryman especially, and a *buon' anima come quella*.' 'I don't think his goodness would have much share in hindering you,' muttered the gendarme, 'nor your's either. There's mischief in your eye, in spite of your saints and images: give a better account of yourself and this business, else, *gentrebleu*, you must to the *corps de garde*.' The wily assassin, now more on his guard, was just beginning a tissue of elaborate falsehoods, when Gaetano, unable, even at the risk of his life, to forego avenging his preserver by denouncing his murderer, started bold upright among the straw, to the equal astonishment of all parties; and totally regardless of his own jeopardy, detailed in animated language his obligations to the deceased, and his instantaneous and cowardly murder by the assassin now before them. The stamp of truth was too legible on all he said to be doubted. Men do not peril their lives on gratuitous falsehoods, and no deserter was as yet known to have escaped under the inflexible French régime. The murderer would have yet denied and equivocated; but the handkerchief, the bloody trophy on which reposed the profaned image of his heavenly patroness—spoke volumes against him. So, his hands safely tied behind him with that very handkerchief, and bound down with the gladly lent sashes of the two gendarmes, it was ere long his turn to take in the cart the place of the temporarily released Gaetano; who, mounted behind one of the friendly troopers, felt, in the consciousness of honest feelings and disinterested conduct, a

lightness of spirit which his associates did their best to sustain. "Courage! mon ami!" said one; "si tu es fusillé, ce n'est pas grande chose!" "Bah," cried the other, "on fusillera plutôt ce coquin de brigand, ce sera tout de même." But shot, somehow, Gaetano felt he should not be; for Lucia he was sure would die, and nobody could have a hand in any thing so dreadful. Luckily for him, the commanding officer at La Riccia was young and romantic; the gen darmes magnified the few bold words of their prisoner into a *bona-fide* capture of the noted leader of banditti. Lucia was sent for opportunely, to plead with the loveliest black eyes that ever swam glittering in tears,—the corps had fortunately marched without its recruit on distant service;—so, thanks to a kind Providence—Gaetano was not shot, but married; and instead of a sad and sorry soldier, was allowed to become a glad and grateful bridegroom.

These pages have quite merit enough in themselves to find favour with their readers; but it must add to their interest, that the present work is one of charity, it being destined to relieve distress and penury. We cannot but give our cordial wishes to talents so well employed.

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's Observations on the Mussulmans of India.

[Second Notice.]

WE do not intend to exhaust this publication; but we trust that a few weekly extracts from it will not only please our readers, especially those who cannot for a while procure the work, but shew, that to a female pen, after all, we are most indebted for descriptions of the interior effects and domestic practices of the religion of Mahomet.

"The Mussulmans' Creed, of the Sheah sect, is as follows:—'I believe in one God, supreme over all, and him alone do I worship. I believe that Mahumud was the creature of God, the Creator; I believe that Mahumud was the messenger of God (the Lord of messengers), and that he was the last of the prophets. I believe that Ali was the chief of the faithful, the head of all the inheritors of the law, and the true leader appointed of God; consequently to be obeyed by the faithful. Also, I believe that Hasan and Hosein, the sons of Ali, and Ali son of Hosein, and Mahumud son of Ali, and Jaufur son of Mahumud, and Moosa son of Jaufur, and Ali son of Moosa, and Mahumud son of Ali, and Ali son of Mahumud, and Hasan son of Ali, and Mhidhie (the standing proof) son of Hasan—the mercy of God be upon them!—these were the true leaders of the faithful; and the proof of God was conveyed by them to the people.' This creed is taught to the children of both sexes in Mussulman families as soon as they are able to talk; and, from the daily repetition, is perfectly familiar to them at an early age. I propose describing the funeral service here, as the substance of their particular faith is so intimately connected with the appointed service for the dead. The dead body of a Mussulman, in about six hours after life is extinct, is placed in a kufin (coffin) and conveyed to the place of burial, with parade suited to the rank he held in life. A tent, or the kaanaat (screen), is pitched in a convenient place, where water is available near to the tomb, for the purpose of washing and preparing the dead body for interment. They then take the corpse out of the coffin and thoroughly bathe it; when dry, they rub pounded camphor on the hands, feet, knees, and forehead—these parts having, in the mo-

thod of prostrating at prayer, daily touched the ground. The body is then wrapped neatly in a winding sheet of white calico, on which has been written particular chapters from the Khoran; this done, it is taken up with great gentleness and laid in the grave on the side, with the face turned towards Mecca. The officiating Maulvee steps solemnly into the grave (which is much deeper and wider than ours), and with a loud voice repeats the creed, as before described; after which he says, 'These were thy good and holy leaders, O son of Adam! (here he repeats the person's names). Now, when the two angels come unto thee, who are the Maccurub+ (messengers) from thy great and mighty God, they will ask of thee, 'Who is thy Lord? Who is thy prophet? What is thy faith? Which is thy book? Where is thy Kiblah? Who is thy leader?' Then shalt thou answer the Maccurub thus: 'God, greatest in glory, is my only Lord, Mahumud my prophet, Islaam my faith (Islaam means true faith), the Khoran my book, the Kaubah (Holy House at Mecca) my Kiblah—Emaum Ali, son of Aboutalib,

— Hasan and Hosein,	[dene,
— Ali,	surmamed Zynool Auber-
— Mahumud,	— Baakur,
— Jaufur,	— Saadick,
— Moosa,	— Khazim,
— Ali,	— Reezah,
— Mahumud,	— Ul Jawaad,
— Ali,	— Ul Hoodah,
— Hasan,	— Ul Ushkerce,
— Mhidhie,	the standing proof that we

are waiting for. These are all my leaders, and they are my intercessors—with them is my love, with their enemies is my hatred, in the world of earth and in the world to come eternal.' Then the Maulvee says: 'Know ye for a truth, O man! (repeating his name,) that the God we worship is one only, great and glorious, most high and mighty God, who is above all lords, the only true God. Know ye, also, that Mahumud is the best of the Lord's messengers;—that Ali and his successors (before enumerated, but always here repeated) were the best of all leaders;—that whatever came with Mahumud is true (meaning the whole work of his mission)—death is true; the interrogation by Moonkih and Nykee (the two angels) is true; the resurrection is true; destruction is true; the Bridge of Sirraat is true; the scales are true; looking into the book is true; heaven and earth are true; hell is true; the day of judgment is true. Of these things there is no doubt—all are true; and, further, that God, the great and

* "The religious man generally prepares his own winding-sheet, keeping it always ready, and occasionally taking out this monitor to add another verse or chapter, as the train of thought may have urged at the time. I have seen this done by the Meer Hadjee Shaah, who appropriated a piece of fine white cambic muslin he had received from me to this sacred purpose. I have often been a silent observer of my revered friend whilst he was engaged in writing passages from the book whose rules he lived by. The anticipated moment when he should require this his kufin dress was never clouded by dread, but always looked forward to with cheerfulness and fervent hope; for he trusted in the mercy of God, whom he loved and worshipped."

† "Maccurub means those angels who are at all times privileged to appear in the presence of God—they are supposed to have eyes of great brilliance. In order that the Mussulmans may have the reply ready for that awful moment, they have a custom of repeating the responses to the angel every evening when the lamp is first lighted, as they say this sudden light resembles the angels' eyes. I had noticed the custom for some time, and fancied the Mussulman people worshipped light, until I was made acquainted with the real motive for this awful observance both with the men and women." ‡ "Kiblah is the holy place to which men turn their face when offering up their prayer to God, as the Jews face Jerusalem. Literally, 'worshipping place.'"

glorious God, will raise all the dead bodies from their graves.' Then the Maulvee reads the following prayer or benediction, which is called Doaar prayer: 'May the Lord God, abundant in mercy, keep you with the true speech; may he lead you to the perfect path; may he grant you knowledge of him and of his prophets. May the mercy of God be fixed upon you for ever. Ameen.' This concluded, the Maulvee quits the grave, and slowly moves forty measured paces in a line with it; then, turning round, he comes again to the grave, with the same solemnity in his steps, and, standing on the edge, he prays:—'O great and glorious God! we beseech thee with humility make the earth comfortable to this thy servant's side, and raise his soul to thee, and with thee may he find mercy and forgiveness.' 'Ameen, ameen,' is responded by all present. This ends the funeral service. The earth is closed over by the servants, &c.; and, except with the very poor, the grave is never entirely forsaken, day or night, during the forty days of mourning. Readers of the Khoran are paid for this service; and in the families of the nobility the grave is attended for years by those hired, who are engaged to read from that book perpetually, relieving each other at intervals day and night. They believe that when the Maulvee quits the grave, the angels enter to interrogate the dead body, and receive the confession of his particular faith: this is the object of the Maulvee's retiring forty paces, to give the angels time to enter on their mission to the dead. The Mussulmans all believe that Mhidhie, the standing proof, as he is called, will visit the earth at a future period: they are said to possess prophecies that lead them to expect the twelve hundred and sixtieth year of the Hegirah as the time for his coming. The Spories say this Emaum has yet to be born; the Sheahs believe the Emaum Mhidhie is the person to reappear. Some believe he is still on earth, dwelling, as they conjecture, in the wilds and forests; and many go so far as to assert that Mhidhie visits (without being recognised) the Holy House of Mecca annually, on the great day of sacrifice; but I cannot find any grounds they have for this opinion. They also possess a prophecy, on which much dependence is placed, that 'When the four quarters of the globe contains Christian inhabitants, and when the Christians approach the confines of Kaubah, then may men look for that Emaum who is to come.' And it is the general belief amongst Mussulmans, founded on the authority of their most revered and valued writers, that Emaum Mhidhie will appear with Jesus Christ at his second coming, and with whom, they declare and firmly believe, he will act in concert, to purge the world of sin and wickedness. When, they add, 'all men shall be of one mind and one faith.'"

"When I have conversed with some of them on the improbability of Mahumud's prophetic mission, I have been silenced by a few words. 'How many prophets were sent to the Israelites?' 'Many.' 'You cannot enumerate them?' then, is it too much to be probable, that God's mercy should have been graciously extended to the children of Ishmael? they also are Abraham's seed. The Israelites had many prophets, in all of whom we believe; the Ishmaelites have one prophet only, whose mission was to draw men from idolatry to the true God. All men,' they add, 'will be judged according to their fidelity in the faith they have professed. It is not the outward sign which makes a man the true Mussulman; neither is it the mere profession of Christianity which will clear the

man at the last day. Religion and faith are of the heart."

"An idea has crept into the minds of some, that whoever offers up to God, at different periods of his life, such animals as are deemed clean and fitting for sacrifice, the same number and kind, on their day of passing Sirraat, shall be in readiness to assist them on the passage over. On this supposition is grounded the object of princes and nobles in India offering camels in sacrifice on the day of Buckrah Eade. This event answers to our Scripture account of Abraham's offering; but the Mussulmauns say, the son of Abraham so offered was Ishmael, and not Isaac. I have disputed the point with some of their learned men, and brought them to search through their authorities. In some one or two there is a doubt as to which was the son offered; but the general writers, and most of the Mussulmauns themselves, believe Ishmael was the offering made by Abraham. 'The scales are true;' the Mussulmauns believe, that on the day of judgment, the good and the bad deeds of every mortal will be submitted to the scales prepared in heaven for that purpose. 'Looking into the book is true;' the Mussulmauns believe that every human being from their birth is attended by two angels; one resting on the right shoulder, the other on the left, continually. Their business is to register every action of the individual they attend: when a good action is to be recorded, they beseech the Almighty in his mercy to keep the person in the good and perfect way. When evil ways are to be registered, they mourn with intercessions to God, that his mercy may be extended, by granting them repentant hearts, and then his forgiveness. Thus they explain 'Looking into the book is true,' that whatever is contained in this book will be looked into on the day of judgment, and by their deeds therein registered shall they be judged."

"They have a firm belief in the efficacy of prayer by proxy; and the view they have of departed spirits is still more singular. They believe the soul hovers over the body in the grave for some time, and that the body is so far animated as to be sensible of what is passing; as when the Maulvee is repeating the service the angels visit in the grave, or when the Khorraun is read. Hence the belief in the efficacy of prayer and reading as substitutes for neglected or omitted duties whilst on earth."

"I have but little to add as regards the manner of worship amongst my Mussulmaun acquaintance; but here I cannot omit remarking, that the women are devout in their prayers, and strict in their observance of ordinances. That they are not more generally educated is much to be regretted; this, however, is their misfortune, not their fault. The Mussulmaun faith does not exclude the females from a participation in the eternal world, as has so often been asserted by people who could not have known them; and the good Mussulmaun proves it by his instruction of the females under his control in the doctrines of Mahumud, and who he believes to be as much dependent on him for guidance on the road to heaven, as for personal protection from want or worldly dangers."

American Stories for Children. Second Series. Edited by Miss Mitford. 3 vols. London, 1832. Whittaker and Co.

A VERY charming collection of tales, full of originality and character, and selected by Miss Mitford with much judgment.

The Catechism of Health, &c. By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S. 3d edit. with additions. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

IN this new edition of the *Catechism of Health*, Dr. Granville reiterates his arguments against the contagiousness of cholera, and explains away the facts connected with its arrival and its progress in this country. The Dr. must have been egregiously misinformed with regard to facts, or deceived by misrepresentations. There are some authorities which he quotes, to whom we shall not allude for fear of bringing them into notice, but we are sorry that no others could be found whose statements would bear out the dogmas of Dr. G. The author says, in one part of his work, "I observe many ladies, some without, but many more with children, going about town in open carriages, even as late as six or seven o'clock in the evening, at this season of the year. Let me tell those persons that they will rue such a practice by and by. It is pregnant with danger just now." This is the result of mistaken notions of disease. Would it not have been infinitely better to tell our fair friends that there is no danger unless they order the "coachman" to drive to Newcastle, than lead them to suppose that a poison lurks in the air—making them fearful, distrustful, and unhappy, without the shadow of a reason?

In a few weeks, or probably less time, the pestilential cholera may reach the metropolis of the North. So convinced are we of the stern good sense of its clever inhabitants, that we are confident hardly a word will be said about its arrival, and not a murmur or a "falsehood" will be heard upon the subject; but the disease will be met manfully, and treated skillfully. From certain feelings that we know are already gaining ground in our city of London, which meet with but too earnest a reception on 'Change, and which are fostered by such works as the one before us, there is too much reason to believe that the contrary will be the case in the modern Babylon.

Waverley Novels. Vol. XXXII. *Quentin Durward*, Vol. II. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

A STRIKING frontispiece by R. Lander, engraved by J. Horsburgh, and a spirited vignette by E. Landseer, engraved by R. Graves, are the extra recommendations of this volume. The notes are not very numerous, and contain little more than brief extracts from Comines, Bayle, and one or two ancient chroniclers.

Divines of the Church of England, &c. No. XX. *Hall's Contemplations*, Vol. III. Valpy.

EVERY month brings its cargo of "Monthlies," which, after noticing generally, we need only advert to when they bring forward new subjects. The present work continues a valuable old one.

We may make the same remark on the *Family Classical Library*, XXV. *Plutarch*, Vol. III.

Quintus Servington; a Tale founded on real Occurrences. 3 vols. Hobart Town, 1831, Melville; London, Smith and Elder.

THIS is quite a literary curiosity; a novel—a work of amusement—issuing from such a source as Botany Bay. It is a tale of domestic interest; and the scenes of the third volume are principally laid in the country where it was printed.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, &c.

Naples, December 30th, 1831.

AFTER the lava from Vesuvius, on the side towards Pompeii, had ceased to flow for nearly two months, and the volcano, with the occasional eruption of a thick smoke, had been tolerably quiet; we were suddenly alarmed on the evening of Christmas day, by seeing a considerable stream of lava flowing down the side of the mountain towards Naples, or more properly Portici, precisely on the way by which travellers usually ascend from the hermitage of Salvatore. Previously, in the morning, we had remarked circumstances which seemed to prognosticate this event. During the whole day the entire declivity of the mountain had been enveloped in a dense fog, which remained stationary, and proved to be the smoke from the streaming lava, that became visible at the approach of evening.

On the first evening the stream reached the valley of Atrio del Cavallo, which lies at the foot of the mountain. On the second day, the 26th, it made a turn towards the right, as seen from this place, in the direction towards Resina; the hermitage lies on the right, and will therefore escape. It appears that it flows in the enormous bed of the lava of 1822, and will, it is hoped, expend itself in it before it reaches the vineyards. But should it last longer than the preceding one on the opposite side, it may possibly occasion much damage, as the vineyards are here much nearer to the crater. This stream has not been accompanied by any, unless very partial, eruptions from the crater; though some persons affirm that they have heard detonations at this place. Thus we have every night a scene before us, to behold which alone would repay a visit to Naples.

It almost seemed as if we had approached 10° nearer to the equator: till Christmas we have had by night 8°, and by day from 12° to 14° Reaumur of heat. With much surprise we saw the acacias in the villa, which had scarcely lost their leaves, put forth new ones. It is now rather more wintry—if a temperature of 6° or 7° of heat can be called winter.

The farce called the "Cholera Morbus," lately performed in the Fenice theatre, was prohibited after a few representations.

The excavations at Pompeii, which are usually undertaken in the presence of distinguished persons, are not often so productive as the one which was undertaken on such an occasion on the 26th of November last, when four rooms and a kitchen in the Casa dell' Ancosa were opened. Many vessels of bronze and utensils of iron were found there. But the most remarkable were a large number of amphore for wine, which were discovered in one of the chambers. The forms of many are quite new; and on most of them are Greek and Latin inscriptions written in black ink. In several jars a great deal of dried wine was found, which being dissolved in water had still a strong taste. In the kitchen, coals and ashes were lying on the hearth; and on a beautiful pedestal of Giallo antico, was a lamp of terra cotta, in the form of a youth kneeling and holding a patera in his hand. A female skeleton found in the same place is perhaps that of the slave who had the superintendence of the kitchen.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BRANDE commenced the evening meetings for the session by a series of observations,

stripped of all technicality, on the refining of gold and silver, and the commercial effect of a small quantity of one of these metals in the other. The ductility, malleability, and general characters, such as colour, &c. of gold, are not affected by the presence of a small quantity of silver: one part of alloy to eleven parts of pure gold, is necessary to render the latter workable. The refiners of former times used silver in this quantity as their alloy; more recently, however, copper has been substituted; the profit of extracting the former remunerating the refiner for his trouble. If five grains of gold be found in one pound weight of silver, the refiner's expense is covered. The old guinea, in which silver is the alloy, is much whiter than the recent gold coinage, in which copper is used; hence the dealers in the precious metals, both at home and abroad, but especially in Paris, select the pale guineas and sovereigns, which are submitted to the separating powers of the refiner, from whose hands the gold does not escape in the shape of coin. To put an end to this practice, so detrimental to the commercial interests of any country where gold and silver form the standard of circulation, and to keep the gold coin in the country, copper is used as the alloy, which completely destroys the refiner's expectations of profit. Gold submitted to the action of nitric acid leaves a residuum of black powder, having the essential qualities of gold; the same metal containing an alloy of silver, submitted to the same test, leaves the acid colourless: with an alloy of copper, a green tint is imparted.

In the library were exhibited, — forms of experiments on capillary attraction; in which spheres of wire-gauze were retained full of water by capillary force, and in which the earlier experiment (tried first, we believe, by Mr. Pearsall, in the laboratory of the R. I.) of apparently closing the mouth of a jar by wire-gauze, was shewn; original drawings, by Capt. Irton, of the late volcano on the coast of Sicily, in which those clouds of vapour resembling snow or wool, noticed in a recent account of the late volcano on the coast of Sicily, in the *Lit. Gaz.*, were made beautifully apparent. Mr. Faraday stated, that at the next evening meeting he should deliver some remarks on the reproductive powers of the *planaria*. The present session commences under very favourable auspices; and the crowded state of the library and theatre on the first night, testifies that the "Friday evening meetings" have not lost that attraction for which they have been so long and so justly celebrated. As a relief to the lectures on the severer sciences, Dr. Clark delivers a course on the evidences of design in creation, in which he purposes to shew evidences of wisdom pursued in the structure of plants, and traced in the human body; evidences of contrivance observed in the study of the lower animals, in the anatomy of birds, and the structure of insects. Another pleasing course of lectures will be Mr. Smart's, illustrative of the ancient English drama, to the era of Shakespeare inclusive.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Natural History of the Phoenix.

PROFESSOR RENNIE, in a recent lecture, gave an elaborate account of the far-famed phoenix, which ought to prove not a little interesting to individuals trading, under the name of this bird, in insurance-offices, iron-companies, engine-factories, stage-coaches, steam-packets, race-horses, coal-wharfs, coffee-houses, and innumerable other heterogeneous things — imagined, it may be supposed, to de-

rive a mysterious influence from the name of *Phoenix*. The earliest account of the phoenix is given by Herodotus, the father of history; and this has been copied, with additions (a story seldom loses in its transmission), by Pliny, Tacitus, Pomponius Mela, Horapollo, Mariana, and other writers. Among the rest, our old English writer, Bartholomew Glantville, as translated by Trevisor, and printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498, says:—

"St. Ambrose, in Exameron, sayth: of the humoure or ashes of fenix ariseth a newe byrde and wexeth, and, in space of tyme, he is clothed with feathers and wyngis, and restored into the kind of a byrde, and is the most fairest byrde that is,—most like to the peecocke in fethers, and loveth wilderness, and gadreth his meate of cleane greenes and frutes. Alanus speketh of this byrde, and saith, that whan the highest byshop Onyias hadde buylded a temple in the cite of Helyopolys in Egypt, to the lykenes of the temple of Jherusalem, and the fyrste daye of Easter, whanne he hadde gathered moche sweete smellynge woode, and sette it on fyre upon the altar to offer sacrifice, to all mennes syghte suche a byrde came so daynely, and fell into the myddel of the fyre and was brente anone to ashes in the fyre of the sacrifice; and the ashes abode there, and was besely kepte and saved by the commande-mente of the preeste; and within three dayes, of these ashes was bred a lyttel worme, that took the shape of a byrde atte the laste, and flew into the wyldernesse."

"This account," Mr. Rennie remarked, "of a worm being generated out of the ashes of a sacrifice, and afterwards becoming a bird, is precisely of a piece with the methods given by Virgil and Columella for the generation of bees from dead carcasses, which originated in an imperfect knowledge of the natural history of insects, as I have explained at length in *Insect Transformations*; while the appearance of a bird alighting on the altar must have obviously arisen from some eagle or vulture pouncing upon the carcass of the animal sacrificed,—a circumstance I should imagine of occasional occurrence when altars were situated in the open air, and which in Greece or Rome, instead of the bird's being considered a phoenix, would have been hailed as an *avatar* (if I may borrow the Brahminical term) of Jupiter himself. That such were the circumstances, which in process of time were worked up into the fabulous and fanciful stories of the phoenix, I have not a doubt; and it appears to me, that this is the only plausible and rational explanation which can be given; though a vast deal of learning, and no little ingenuity, has been expended in other views."

This account is strongly corroborated by an anecdote given by Bruce the traveller, of an eagle (*gyppæus barbatus*, Storr.) in the very country where the phoenix was said to appear, darting down while his party were dining in the open air, and carrying off a part of their dinner. It is farther remarkable, that Bruce says of this genuine phoenix, as we may call it, that "the feathers of the belly and breast were of a gold colour," which might almost pass for a translation of Pliny's description of the ancient phoenix. Mr. Rennie exhibited a specimen of this bird to a numerous audience, whom the curiosity of the subject had attracted to the lecture.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

14th 10^h 15^m 45^s—the Sun will be eclipsed, invisible to the British isles. This will be a consi-

derable eclipse in the southern hemisphere: at Mexico nearly nine digits, and at Paramatta four digits, of the Sun's disc will be obscured. In longitude 154° 14' W. and latitude 15° 14' S., the eclipse will be annular. 19th 2^h 5^m—the Sun enters Pisces.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Capricornus....	1	10	16
☾ First Quarter in Taurus.....	8	23	13
☾ Full Moon in Leo.....	15	15	19
☾ Last Quarter in Ophiuchus ..	23	0	22

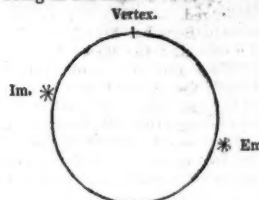
The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Aquarius	2	21	0
Aldebaran	10	occultation.	
Regulus	15	occultation.	
Saturn in Leo	16	18	32
Mars in Sagittarius	26	17	50
Venus in Capricornus	27	occultation.	
Mercury in Aquarius	29	occultation.	

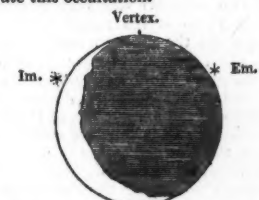
Lunar Occultations.—This month will be remarkable for occultations of two fixed stars of the first magnitude, and of two of the planets, by the Moon. 10th—occultation of Aldebaran; immersion 4^h 23^m 25^s, emersion 5^h 33^m 25^s. The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion.



15th—occultation of Regulus; immersion 16^h 59^m 32^s, emersion 17^h 55^m 32^s. This occultation will occur as in the following diagram, the Moon being at the full.



27th—occultation of Venus; immersion 19^h 21^m, emersion 20^h 10^m. The following diagram will illustrate this occultation.



29th 19^h 30^m—occultation of Mercury: this phenomenon will be visible only with telescopes of a high power. The conjunction of the Moon with Saturn (16th) will prove a close approach.

3rd—Mercury at his greatest elongation (25° 26') as a morning star. 8th—descending node. 18th—aphelion. 24th—in conjunction with Uranus. 27th—with ♄ Capricorni: difference of latitude 3'.

1st 16^h—Venus in conjunction with Mars. 2nd—with 14 Sagittarii: difference of latitude 11'. 13th 9^h—with ♄ Sagittarii: difference of

latitude 13'. 29^d—with 1 and 2. Capricorn: differences of latitude 3' and 6' respectively.

2^d—Mars in conjunction with 718 Mayer: difference of latitude 7'. 10^d—with 740 Mayer: difference of latitude 9'.

The Asteroids.—2^d—Vesta 2° N. of γ Cancri. 15^d—in conjunction with 1, 2, 3, 4. Cancri. 26^d—between λ and γ Cancri. 2^d—Juno 2° N. of 30 Sextantis Uranie. 22^d—in apposition, 1° N. of 23 Sextantis Uranie. This small planet may be known by its reddish colour; it varies considerably in its brilliancy, but, in general, it shines as a star of the eighth magnitude. Pallas and Ceres are too near the Sun to be observed.

24^d 2^d 30^m—Jupiter in conjunction with the Sun.

Saturn is the only planet, this month, in a satisfactory position for observation. The Moon will make a close appulse to Saturn on the morning of the 16th day.

3^d 17^h 48^m—Uranus in conjunction with the Sun.

Depford.

J. T. BARKER.

THE COMET.

WE have seen a letter from Gibraltar, dated the 7th instant (if we are not mistaken, for we have trusted to memory), in which it is stated, that for several minutes on the preceding evening a considerable portion of the tail of the comet was visible to the inhabitants in these parts. The comet itself was not seen, but its direction was found to be northerly, so that we may soon expect this celestial visitor.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUNBROCK in the chair. The reading of Dr. Ritchie's paper on Voltaic electricity was resumed, and the conclusion deferred till the next meeting. William Pole, Esq. F.R.S., presented a series of impressions from copper-plates, exhibiting a new style of engraving in parallel lines, by means of an instrument, the point of which is successively passed over a coin or other object, and the appearance of relief in the engraving is strikingly produced. Professor Plana, of Turin, presented his memoir on Jupiter and Saturn; and Lieutenant Frend, R.N., a curious set of Burmese weights brought by himself from Ragoon.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair. Mr. Knight presented two extensive and very interesting lithographic views of the neighbourhoods of the Borough and the northern end of London Bridge in 1830, previous to their removal for the approaches to the New Bridge. Mr. S. Smirke communicated a paper descriptive of some remains of the ancient palace of Whitehall, consisting of an apartment of solid groined masonry in the basement story of a house in Whitehall Yard, called Cromwell House. This palace formerly belonged to the Archbishops of York, and was called York House, until Henry the Eighth gave it the name of Whitehall, on annexing it to the royal domains after the fall of Wolsey. The paper was accompanied by drawings, shewing the ground-plan, a section of the room, and an arched doorway of the Tudor style of architecture. Mr. Smirke ob-

* In the last No. of the *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Ritchie's appointment to the Natural Philosophy chair in the London University was communicated. Since that appointment, the University of Aberdeen, at the first assembly for the season, unanimously, and unsolicited, conferred on him the degree of LL.D., with remission of fees.

served, that the present floor of the room was raised about five feet above the original pavement, which is nearly level with the high-water mark of the Thames, and must have been very liable to inundation.

The Secretary read some letters communicated by Mr. Watham,* from the records of Chatham Hospital at Manchester. One was dated 16th May, 1648, and noticed a disturbance which had taken place near the House of Commons. A little previous to the execution of Charles the First, a very general sensation in favour of the king was felt among the people, and a large body of countrymen came to London to petition the parliament on the subject; and, being kept waiting a long time without an answer, forced their way to the doors of the House, when they were told they should have their desire; upon which they left the House rather tumultuously, expressing their joy at the prospect (as they thought) of the king being saved. A slight pretext, however, served for calling in the military, who attacked the countrymen, and several were killed and others wounded.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE THOMAS STAUNTON in the chair. The following, among other donations, were presented: viz. from Colonel Tod, a fragment of a very ancient inscription on stone, from the temples of Baralli, in the *Coopersmāl*, or Highlands of Mewar: it appears to record the repairs of some temples by a pious monarch, who devoted to this purpose the spoils obtained by him in war: the date seems to be S. 981, or A.D. 1037;—from Colonel Colebrooke, the model of the palanquin and attendants of an adikar of Ceylon, and models of twenty-one natives of Ceylon, of various castes and professions, carved in wood, and properly coloured;—from the Rev. Dr. Mill, a work called *Christa Sangitā*, being the sacred history of our Saviour in Sanscrit verse. The reading of the late Dr. White's account of the fair at the Hot Wells, near Surat, was concluded. These hot wells are situated about fifty miles S.E. of Surat, and are resorted to annually at the full moon of Chitra, which in 1810 was on the 19th of April; and at this period, as the Brahmins affirm, the temperature of the waters is miraculously lowered, to enable the pious devotee to avail himself of their holy and purifying influence in the form of a bath. The origin of the religious veneration in which these springs are held by the Hindus is, that they are related to have been produced by the power of Rama, while in pursuit of Sita his wife, to serve instead of the sacred water of the Ganges for the ordinances of religion. The temperature of the springs varies from 111° (Fahr.) in one, to 120° in another. The paper concludes with a short account of the ceremonies at the *Jātra*, or fair. The reading of a paper by the Chevalier Jacob Gräburg d'Hemst, being an account of the great historical work of Ibn Khaldūn, the History of the Berbers, was commenced. Several gentlemen were elected members.

ON A PASSAGE IN CROKER'S BOSWELL, &c.
Benhall Vicarage, Jan. 20, 1832.

SIR,—In Dr. Strahan's volume of Johnson's Prayers, at p. 205, the following passage occurs: "Before I went to the altar I prayed the occasional prayer; at the altar I commended my Θ Φ , and again prayed the prayer."

Mr. Croker, in his late edition of *Boswell's*

* We are not sure that we have got the names correctly, as they were not very distinctly read.

Johnson, conjectures that these letters were the initials of *Barra fides*—for which the *Edinburgh Review*, No. CVII. p. 9, has accused him of ignorance, and of course rejects the interpretation. Mr. Croker says, that Dr. Strahan seems not to have understood the words; but whether he did or not does not appear. I am inclined to think that he did. But that Mr. Croker's interpretation is erroneous I have no doubt; for had these letters stood generally for "dear friends departed," and not for particular persons, there would have been no necessity for concealment, as Johnson was in the habit of praying at least for some who were dead, as far as he might lawfully. Mr. Croker is again wrong in supposing the words necessarily to be Greek because the initials letters were so—they simply signify my Thrale Friends— Θ Φ .

To prove this assertion, turn to p. 221 of Dr. Strahan's book; you will find—"On Wednesday, April 11, 1781, was buried my dear friend Thrale, and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. * * * Farewell! May God, that delighteth in mercy, have had mercy on thee. I had constantly prayed for him some time before his death." Thus my first point is proved—that Johnson prayed for the Thrale family; and consequently that these letters might stand for them.

Next look at p. 227. "Easter Sunday, 1781. I commended my Θ friends, as I have formerly done." Here we have got a second step, and ascertained that the letter Φ meant friends.

Now, to prove that Θ stood for Thrale, turn to p. 230, Sept. 1781, where the following passage occurs: "When Thrale's health was broken, for many months before his death, which happened, April 4, I constantly mentioned him in my prayers, and after his death have made particular supplication for his surviving family to this day." Thus we have obtained the signification of the other letter. A sense of delicacy in a custom, however pious, yet very unusual, made Johnson conceal the names of a family under Greek initials. On turning to my copy of Dr. Strahan's book, I find that, more than ten years since, I had written a note in the margin of the page, giving this interpretation of the text; and as it has been the subject of much discussion, I consider that you will not dislike this communication. Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN MITFORD.

P.S. I must mention an absurd inconsistency in Dr. Johnson's criticisms, which appears from a passage of this book. In his *Life of Milton* he had ridiculed the notion, asserted on sufficient authority, that Milton's poetical powers varied according to different seasons of the year—"his vein ran strongest from the autumnal to vernal equinox." But at p. 148 of Dr. Strahan's work, Johnson says—"Between Easter and Whitsuntide, having always considered this time as propitious to study, I began to learn the low Dutch language." &c.

In his criticism on Gray's Ode to Eton College—"Say, Father Thames," &c.—he observes, that it was absurd to appeal to the Thames, who had no means of knowing better than himself. Now, turn to *Rasselas* (chap. 20)—"The princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her:—Answer," said she, "great Father of Waters, &c.; tell me if thou waterest through all thy course a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint," &c.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES NEAR POMPEII.

For several weeks past Professor Zahn has caused excavations to be made in various spots at Boscore-Case, (between Vesuvius and Pompeii,) which scarcely leave a doubt that a city is buried there, which is supposed to have been called Toso, and which, with Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, forms the fourth of the cities whose fate it shared at the same time. One of these excavations is extremely interesting. You descend 30 palms perpendicular into a deep hollow, into a peristyle surrounded with pillars. Thence four subterranean galleries have been excavated in the direction of Naples, Sarno, Vesuvius, and Pompeii. In the first some chambers have been discovered, containing paintings and many bas-reliefs. These chambers, which have been only partially excavated, give the promise of a rich harvest. In the gallery leading to Pompeii, an ancient road has been traced in the direction from Naples to Sarno.* In the two other galleries there are various fragments of beautiful paintings, terra-cotta, iron, and bronze. Some human skeletons, and one of a hog, have also been found there; likewise much carbonised wood.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SCOTTISH LITERARY DINNER.

THE entertainment to commemorate the birthday of Burns, and the presence of the Ettrick Shepherd, as noticed in our last, took place at the Freemasons' Hall on Wednesday; and although a numerous assemblage was anticipated, the numbers actually exceeded all expectation, and filled the Hall. This influx of persons, without previous notice, led to some little confusion in the arrangement of tables and seats, and a brief delay in the dinner hour; but every want was supplied with a rapidity which did great credit to the tavern, and about 7 o'clock the visitors sat down to an excellent repast, as well served as could be hoped for in so crowded a company.* It seemed, indeed, that in the first instance only Space was needed to give entire satisfaction; and at the last, only Time to extend the festivities beyond the midnight at which the chair was vacated. The general appearance of the hall was indeed very animating, and especially when connected with the occasion, and the national spirit which it had elicited. On the right of the chairman, Sir John Malcolm, were ranged the Ettrick Shepherd, Lord Mahon, Sir George Murray, Sir John Warrender, Mr. F. Mills, Mr. Mackinnon, the Hon. Mr. Herbert, Mr. H. Ellis, two Messrs. Drummonds, Mr. Forbes as representative of his father the worthy baronet, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Mr. J. Murray, Sir Peter Laurie; on his left the two sons of Burns, Lord Forchester, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Colonel Elphinstone, Mr. R. A. Dundas, Mr. P. S. Stewart, Mr. Sedgewick, Mr. Aikin the Consul at Archangel, and the boy to whom Burns addressed his "Advice to a young Friend," Mr. Sotheby, Sergeant Spankie; while in various other parts were seen Messrs. Lockhart, Mur-

* We mention this, because we observe that some of the newspapers (falsifying, by the by, the whole proceedings of the evening in a most extraordinary fashion), censure the stewards for want of providence, &c. Now the stewards, on the preceding night, could only ascertain the disposal of less than 300 tickets, and they provided, at their own risk, for 300 guests; another hundred coming without notice of their intention, were speedily accommodated; and surely the exertion to accomplish this is more to be praised, than any little partial failure or inconvenience (such as attends all large public dinners) is to be cavilled at, and blamed. The dinner and wines were of the first order; and at least nine-tenths of those present were highly gratified by their entertainment.

chison, Patrick Robertson, Galt, Cunningham, R. Montgomery, Crofton Croker, Maginn, S. C. Hall, Don T. de Trubea, W. Fraser, Lemon, Logan, Picken, Martin (painter), John Burnet, and many others distinguished in the annals of science, the fine arts, and polite literature. On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and patriotic toasts and songs were given; after which the president drank, "The memory of Burns," prefaced by a speech of considerable length, in which he drew an able picture of the poet's career, and quoted many of his verses with great felicity and effect. Both the sons of the poet standing up, the eldest expressed their gratitude for the tribute to their father's genius. The next toast, also prefaced by an apt and interesting address, called up the Ettrick Shepherd, whom the plaudits of the assembly compelled to mount a chair, whence he returned thanks in the Doric of his native hills, with most characteristic simplicity and naïveté. He hailed the triumph of that moment as the proud reward of all he had aspired to do and to become; the happy recompense of those toils through which a poor shepherd had hoped to acquire his country's approbation, and the fame of being acknowledged one of her native minstrels. The whole did much credit to his good sense and feeling, and he was loudly cheered by the company. "Sir Walter Scott, and his happy return," followed, and the chairman again desecrated on the talents of that high ornament of Scottish literature. Mr. Lockhart returned thanks, and related several precious anecdotes of his illustrious kinsman, as well as traits in the life of the Ettrick Shepherd. Of these we may notice, that Burns only met Scott once, when the latter was but seventeen years old, yet, from something that then passed, he predicted that he would figure in his country's annals; and that Scott, while still young and enthusiastically in search of early legends and ballad lore, found Hogg, a poor peasant, in a wild and sequestered valley, possessed of a larger store of what he was seeking than was in the memory of all the province beside.* From that period their friendship had been uninterrupted.—Lord Forchester now gave the health of the chairman, with a suitable encomium, noticing his distinguished literary works, his oriental scholarship, and the abilities he had displayed in various quarters of the world. Sir J. Malcolm returned his acknowledgments, and proposed Lord Forchester, Mr. Sotheby, and the poets of England, who had honoured this festival with their presence. His lordship spoke eloquently in reply, and pronounced a beautiful eulogium upon the ameliorating effects produced upon individuals and communities by the cultivation of the muses. "Lord Mahon, and the historians of England," received a similar compliment, and his lordship spoke briefly but admirably in return: his lordship concluded by giving "Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and the naval heroes of Scotland;" and alluded with much good taste to Sir Pulteney's admirable conduct in the difficult command at St. Helena, and to the tribute of respect which he had extorted from the discernment of Buonaparte; for which, and the plaudits attending it, Sir Pulteney expressed his gratitude. The sailor, like the poet and the soldier, looked only to the approbation of his country, and he rejoiced in the testimony of that approbation now so flatteringly bestowed upon him.—The toast of

* Another anecdote of Hogg was, that being at dinner at a ducal table, the duchess said to him: "Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?" To which the Shepherd, with his usual candour, replied, "Na, madam: I has been at the yett (gate) wif beilts that I was driving into England; but I never was inside o' the house afore!"

"Sir George Murray, and the military heroes of Scotland," called up that gallant officer, who addressed his applauding countrymen in a manner which seemed to be peculiarly grateful to their feelings. While he disclaimed it for his own humble services, he nobly awarded the laurel to his glorious companions in arms,—a Hopetoun, an Abercrombie, a Moore, and a Graham. He then mentioned his early recollection of Burns, whom he considered his father's house to have been honoured by receiving within its walls; and playfully alluded to what the chairman had stated of his sister's being the "Pheney" of the poet,

"a bonnier lass

Than braes of Yarrow ever saw;"

and expressed his hope, as every bard was in duty bound to maintain the peerless beauty of the fair whom he selected for his theme, that the Ettrick Shepherd (whose acquaintance he this night rejoiced to have made), would not be provoked to jealousy in consequence of this comparison above the beauties of Yarrow. Sir George was warmly cheered throughout.—The ensuing toasts were, Lord Brougham, as a Scotsman born and the son of a Scots mother (a descendant of Robertson the historian), Sergeant Spankie, Mr. J. Stuart, Mr. P. Robertson, and both bars.—Mr. Robertson returned appropriate thanks. We had hoped for a touch of his unrivalled humour; but the night was wearing late, and the rest of the proceedings were obliged to be hurried through in rather a tumultuous manner.—"Sir Peter Laurie, and the city of London," were drank; with a deserved compliment to the worthy alderman for the zeal with which he had always shewed himself the friend of every Scottish charity. Sir Peter expressed himself very neatly; and observed of the Scottish character, that if it persevered and laboured to acquire competent wealth, it was not to hoard like the miser, but, to use the words of the bard, "for the glorious privilege of being independent."—Mr. Robertson drank, "Captain Basil Hall, not only as a distinguished naval officer, but as a popular author." Captain Hall, in returning thanks, happened to mention the word "politics," which was misunderstood by some of the meeting, and considerable interruption ensued; at last he was allowed to proceed, and it was explained that his only reference to politics was to congratulate the company on an occasion where all parties discarded them, to join in a national tribute to genius. The captain, however, appeared to have been put out by the interruption; for he was again unfortunate in attempting to pay a pleasant compliment, upon the excellence of his dinners, to Sir George Warrender, whose health was next drank, in conjunction with the Scottish members of the legislature.—Sir G. Warrender said he had no claim to have his name introduced on this occasion, and, however kindly intended, it had been done in a manner alike unexpected and painful to him. He came there as a Scotchman, proud to assist at a festival in honour of one of those eminent men who, in giving an imperishable fame to the poetry of Scotland, obtained for their country triumphs far more noble, far more durable, than even those which his gallant friend, who had lately addressed them, or than any other statesman or warrior, could achieve; for when the contests of individuals, and even of nations, for power had passed away, and were heard of no more, the verses of Burns and Walter Scott would still live in every quarter of the globe, to perpetuate their own glory, and to inspire ardent patriotism and intense love of

native land into every Scottish heart. — Mr. P. S. Stewart, as another of the Scottish members, addressed the company with much energy, and restored harmony by remarking, that if he was not tried by his dinners, he hoped to be always tried by his deserts. In conclusion, he drank the health of Mr. Galt, whose literary talents shed a lustre on the west of Scotland, with which he was particularly connected. It was now, however, near the witching hour of night, or we might say of night's black arch, the key-stone; and many from the lower parts of the hall had crowded up to the top; so that regularity of speech, or bumper, or song, there could be none. Galt's thanks died in embryo; and the concluding toasts of Mr. Murchison and Mr. Sedgewick, and the sciences of Scotland and England; the London Burns Club, the stewards, and even the ladies, had but their cheers, and passed away. At length the pipes droned forth, and the festive drama closed.

We ought to record that it was enlivened by many bowls of punch brewed by Hogg in Burns' bowl, and in general very kindly and socially helped into the many glasses sent up for it by Lord Mahon: there was also some beautiful singing by Broadhurst, Wilson, Templeton, and Messrs. Jolly, Stansbury, Chapman, and other vocalists. The Shepherd, too, treated us with an original song, the burden of which was "Robin's awa." It is a lament for Burns as the best of the minstrels; but it was brought in by a laugh, in consequence of the toast-master's calling for silence for a song from Mr. Shepherd.*

THE GARRICK CLUB.

By circulars addressed to the members of the Club, we observe that the dinner, intended for the 1st of February, is postponed, and that the Club opens on that day without any festive ceremony. It was apprehended that the circumstances of a new house, with a new kitchen, new servants, &c. &c. &c., might cause the entertainment to be less pleasant than the committee wished it to be.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday, the *Rent Day*, a domestic drama, by Mr. Jerrold, and founded, among other things, on some of Wilkie's admirable pictures, was produced with great and most de-

* A very absurd attempt has been made in some of the newspapers to attach a political effect to this meeting: nothing can be farther from truth. The judicious chairman never uttered a syllable which could bear the slightest allusion to politics. The healths of the King and of the Queen were each received with loyal applause; and the toasts of Wellington, the hero of his country, and of Brougham, a minister so distinguished in many respects, were equally drunk with plaudits due to their separate individual characters. We repeat, that there was not an iota of politics introduced; on the contrary, Mr. Henry Ellis, not only eminent for his literary productions, but a very near relative of another minister, Lord Goderich, sat opposite the chairman as his friend and visitor. It seems most ridiculous, under these circumstances, to try to torture this into a party assembly, as if the public were as crazy about these matters as the newspapers; and the directors of the feast should have had a measure for noise, in order to regulate the shouts of festivity, lest one toast should have a louder and longer cheer than another! To us it appeared distinctly, that the old advice of Tullychorum was strictly observed, and that

"Whig and Tory did agree
To spend the night in mirth and glee."

It would surely be easy to form an annual national meeting for this day, on an extended scale, with a surplus fund for the encouragement of Scottish literature and arts: this was a favourite project with the late Sir Alexander Boswell. Were such in existence, the beautiful monument to Burns on the Calton Hill, to receive Flaxman's statue of the poet, would not languish, as it now does, for a paltry two hundred pounds to finish it. We will cheerfully co-operate with any friends to carry this purpose into effect.—Ed. L. G.

served success at this theatre. The story rests on the sufferings of a worthy family, pressed by a harpy steward for an arrear of rent; on the wretched condition of the steward himself, the victim of two villains, who are aware of his being a condemned criminal who had escaped from justice; and on the interference of the squire, who has been a secret observer of their transactions. At present we have only room to say, that the first act was most natural and excellent; the second, aiming at too much dramatic effect, though very striking, not quite so good; but the whole worthy of higher praise than could with justice be accorded to many pieces within our recollection. The acting, too, was as fine as the Rent Day itself.

ADELPHI.

On Monday, and throughout the week, has been performed here, with great *clat*, the first version with which London has been favoured of the famous *Robert le Diable*. The said *Robert* having made a d—lish noise in Paris, became, of course, an object with all our dramatic writers, theatrical managers, musical publishers, *et hoc genus omne*; nay, he even inspired better men with a diabolical furor, and, it is said, led a bishop out of the right course to go off at score. What is to be the final result we cannot tell; we can only say that the Adelphi has managed to produce a spectacle so grand and imposing as to be incredible, unless seen, in so small a house. But the stage in this theatre does possess some peculiar advantages very favourable to such representations; for, though very limited on the wings, it is deep in itself, and from great capacity below, has a power and alacrity of sinking in *tois*, which the largest theatres might covet in vain. Of these properties an excellent use has been made in several of the sea-pieces, melo-dramas, and pantomimes, produced with so much effect at the Adelphi; but on no preceding occasion have they been employed with such skill and power as in this *Robert le Diable*. Of the performances we have to state, that Yates plays the *Devil* in a very superior style, and looks the character to admiration. Hemmings, who has gone on improving as a genteel and natural comedian, from season to season, as the son, does credit to his humanity; and Reeves in a comic part, engrafted on the original, takes a prominent and laughter-moving share in the humorous scenes. Mrs. Yates, always interesting, comports herself sweetly in the heroine; and Mrs. Fitzwilliams in the necessary *soubrette*, is all that could be wished. But the grand attraction is in the scenery and stage effects, which are splendid and striking in the extreme. We observed last week that this place of amusement was crowded to the utmost nightly: with *Robert le Diable* to boot, it is now more crowded.

The New Strand Theatre opened on Thursday, with, as we hear, performances tolerably adapted to the occasion.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Adelphi, Jan. 33.—Yates, who is often compelled on first nights to merge the actor a little in the manager, produced, in his personation of the fiend in the *Devil's Son*, some curious effects. In the midst of the spectre-scene in the ruined monastery, it was perhaps not wholly out of character for a demon, determined that no means of heightening the terror of the scene should be omitted, to call out to his invisible agents, hidden among the tombs, "D—n it! the red fire!"—a reason, however, which will not apply equally to his concern lest the signal

that ruins his schemes and devotes him to perdition should be forgotten. The marriage of the hero and heroine, announced by the church-bell, proves "the defeat of the demon;" and Mr. Yates, while writhing and attitudinising as the fiend, called out as the manager, "The bell! the bell, I say!"—The sensation produced by the first night of *Robert le Diable* at the Academie Royale, on which occasion I was present, was enhanced by divers unrehearsed stage effects which occurred during the performance. A cloud which was rising up, that a change of scene might be effected behind it, suddenly gave way, and falling to the stage had well nigh smothered Tagliani. The act-drop was immediately lowered; and the contest for the possession of *Robert* by Pauline and the fiend at the conclusion, ended in a manner totally different from what M. Scribe had intended; for Nourrit (*Robert*), instead of being rescued, tumbled down *aux enfers* with Levasseur (*Bertram*). The Adelphi's first night, of course, was not behindhand with mishaps of an equally exciting nature. In the very terrible scene of the second act, wherein the prostrate statues of nuns become erect and subsequently animate, the machinery failing in one or two places at the left of the stage, divers of the figures tumbled from their pedestals with a softness of noise and flexibility of limb and drapery nothing short of astonishing in stone statues. Unfortunately, the most extraordinary accident happened to the most conspicuous statue on the whole stage; for the support of its feet giving way just as it was attaining its perpendicular, it uttered a sound wondrously like the shriek of a living female, and, to crown the mishap, was in an instant precipitated cleanly down a trap-door that had just opened directly under its feet for another statue to rise through—so that it must have alighted exactly on the head or shoulders of the astonished image beneath. Yates, who was on the stage, in vain rushed to save the too quickly evanishing form.† The following elegant *monceau* of gag, by Reeve, occurred in the second act:—

Pauline (Mrs. Fitzwilliams)—extending her hand to Raimbaud—

Raimbaud, dear Raimbaud! am I not your own Pauline?

Raimbaud (Reeve)—surveying her hand—Pauline, indeed! Paw-lean? Paw-fat, I think.

Colburn, Jan. 23.—The announcement of *Robert le Diable* attracted me to this theatre; but I found only a spoilt version of the Covent Garden *Duke of Normandy*.‡ All went on smoothly till the close, when a curious contrast was formed to Nourrit's accident, through the agency, or rather non-agency, of a trap-door, which must have had the bump of adhesiveness very strongly developed on or for the occasion; for though the victim fairly flung himself upon it, the powers below could not succeed in dragging him more than an inch and a half down to perdition. It is very hard that the intentions of dramatists should be thus set at defiance—that where they mean to send their heroes to the d—, they should remain upon earth, and that where they mean them to remain on earth they should go to him!

Drury Lane, Jan. 25.—Is it not astonishing that the stage-folks never will learn what are and what are not the precincts of the stage

* On Nourrit's appearing after this accident, to announce the piece for repetition, he was saluted by vociferated inquiries, more especially from the ladies, of "Etes-vous blessé?" Etes-vous blessé?

† I have since heard, from the first authority, that the young lady to whom this accident occurred was Miss Allen, Solis's pupil; and that she was hurt, but not seriously.

‡ Though the Times of Thursday actually notices it as a new piece.

before and behind the curtain? Not even the *tableau vivant* of Wilkie's "Distraining for Rent," in the *Rent Day*, was suffered to remain unmarred—here, too, where the point was so essential—by the rushing on of footmen from both sides of the stage! I am sure they are not in Wilkie's picture—and we are content to have that presented as he drew it, without any addition whatever—certainly not such a one. In *My own Lover*, Wood has a duet with Miss Pearson. Miss Pearson sang her verse, and ended it with a very uncomfortably-sounding roulade: Wood followed, but just as he had reached the point for his cadence, he was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that he stopped short, made a wry face expressive of his utter inadequacy to the desired achievement, and retired barking, *ad lib.*, to the back of the stage. The fiddles in the orchestra were in the most distressing state of indeterminateness, which, however, the heroic Pearson soon relieved, by uttering a long indefinite cadenza in the gentleman's default and to his *cough obligato*, and immediately fell to again upon her own part with her accustomed intrepidity. The effect was sublime.

VARIETIES.

Sir Walter Scott.—Letters have been received from a friend of Sir Walter Scott, dated Naples, Dec. 21, stating that the worthy baronet had not then been permitted to land, but was performing quarantine in the *Barham* frigate. It is gratifying to know that the voyage had proved beneficial to Sir Walter's general health, though we cannot say much of the removal of that affection which, by causing a pressure upon the brain, first created anxiety for our illustrious countryman.

The Pantheon.—This theatre, in Oxford Street, so long unoccupied, in consequence of some doubts as to its security, and also, we believe, of differences among proprietors or claimants, has been sold for 16,000*l.* One rumour gives it to Laporte, as a theatrical speculation; another to religion, as a Roman Catholic chapel.

Fire-Escape.—One on a very simple construction was lately suggested by Mr. Charles M. Willich to the Society of Arts. The idea is not new, as blankets have been often used with success; but we think if the plan pointed out by Mr. Willich were adopted, and a system established, many lives might be saved. It consists of a horse-hair net, about 14 feet long by 8 feet wide. He recommended that every police station should be furnished with one, which on an alarm of fire should be immediately brought to the spot. The manner of using the net is self-evident. There are always a sufficient number of persons present who would hold it extended. Horse-hair is recommended on account of its durability and elasticity. A fire-escape must be *always* perfect, and at hand speedily, or it is useless.

Crime in France.—Out of every 100 persons accused, 61 are regularly condemned. Out of the whole population, 1 in every 4,460 inhabitants is accused. In every 100 crimes, 25 are against the person, 75 against property. Experience shews that the number of murders is annually nearly the same; and what is still more singular, that the instruments, or means employed, are also in the same proportion. The inclination to crime is at its *maximum* in man about the age of 25; in woman, 5 years later. The proportion of men and women accused is 4 to 1. The seasons have an influence on crime. In summer more crimes are committed against

the person, fewer against property; the reverse is the case in winter. The development of the inclination to crime agrees very perfectly with that of the passions and physical strength; and, on the other hand, the development of reason tends to restrain the inclination. The greatest physical strength of man is developed between the age of 30 and 35; and the greatest mental powers between the age of 45 and 50. At this age the greatest number of *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French theatre have been produced. It is a singular contrast, that about this age we find mental alienation most frequent and most difficult to remove.—*Revue Encyclopédique et Annales d'Hygiène.*

Introduction of Agriculture into Kamtschatka.—We learn, by a letter dated from the harbour of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Kamtschatka, June 30, that at the conclusion of the preceding year the different ranks of the inhabitants, the clergy, merchants, and officers, had voluntarily subscribed a considerable sum, to raise a fund for the introduction of agriculture into Kamtschatka. The plan was submitted to the government, and last spring the first agricultural labours were commenced. On the 31st of April the governor of Kamtschatka, accompanied by the inhabitants of Petropawloski, repaired to the fields prepared for cultivation, situated about forty wersts from the harbour, on the banks of the river Awatscha, near Staroi-Ostrog. On the following morning, the 1st of May, a *Te Deum* was sung in the fields, in the bosom of which the first seeds of corn were deposited, and tears of grateful emotion bedewed the soil which was consecrated to future harvests. It was a truly imposing spectacle;—the solemn chant of the *Te Deum* in the midst of a desert enclosed by lofty mountains, in the presence of a small number of settlers, who had assembled from different parts of the vast Russian empire. After divine service, the priest delivered a short address on the utility and important results of this enterprise. Perhaps, in a few years the weary traveller may find repose on this spot, under the hospitable roof of the industrious farmer.

A Petition of William Shakspeare, of Rowington, Warwick, is in existence, dated March 3, 1651-2, and addressed to the commissioners of compounding, praying to be dismissed from farther attendance, his estate having been freed. *Quære*, who was this William Shakspeare?

Newspaper Facts.—A Scots paper has this week informed its readers that a white mouse is a *rara avis*: and the *Times*, in its private correspondence from Cadiz, describing some bull-fights, says, "The following are the bulls selected for the fight:—two with red riband ornaments; two with yellow; two with celestial blue; and two with black ribands." These are Irish bulls.

Bon-Mot of Fashion.—A gentleman seeing the sister ladies M— riding up St. James's Street, said, "Well, I never knew that among the force of England we could reckon on any troops in green" (the long green veils were certainly very uniform). "Look at them," replied his friend, "and see if they might not belong to the Rifle brigade."

IMPROMPTU. TO A LADY.

(From the Italian.)

Think not thy faults, my pretty scold,

Like transient clouds will pass away;

Thy image in the rose behold,

Whose leaves fade ere the worms decay.

Epigram.

A foolish saw is that which says,

A friend in need's a friend indeed;

If loans, and favours asked, are proof,

I've no friend, not a friend, in need.

Tenth.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 17, Jan. 20, 1832.]

Legends and Traditions of the Castles of England. A work with this title is, we are informed, in course of preparation, by Mr. Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie, authors of the *Landscape and Heath's Picturesque Annuals*; and is to be published by subscription, in Twelve Monthly Parts, with Engravings. It is proposed to comprise, not only genuine narrative of the fortunes of the English Castles, but, in a more particular manner, the events of what may be termed their private history, founded upon legends and traditions.

Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, has announced a new Magazine, to be supported by great abilities on the Whig or Reform side of politics. It is directly started in opposition to *Blackwood's*; of course, we can give no opinion between a combatant about to enter the lists, and the old Tory warrior. All we can say is, that we wish success to literary merit, on whichever side it may be exerted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 19	From 23. to 34.	30.26 to 30.20
Friday.... 20	— 23. — 34.	30.11 Stationary
Saturday... 21	— 23. — 41.	30.07 to 30.16
Sunday.... 22	— 23. — 41.	30.16 to 30.15
Monday... 23	— 23. — 42.	30.14 to 30.24
Tuesday... 24	— 24. — 46.	30.14 to 30.09
Wednesday 25	— 37. — 47.	29.74 to 29.76

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
Except the 24th and afternoon of the 25th, cloudy; rain in the morning of the 25th.
Rain fallen 1 of an inch.
Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To make room for our account of the Scots Literary Dinner, we have postponed a paper on the Anatomy Bill, and the subjects connected with it; the continuation of our Reviews on the *Catherines of Cleves*, the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Albany*, Captain Frankland's *Travels*, Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire*, and other articles. We trust, however, to the novelty and variety of the No. for our apology.

We thank a Foreigner; but charades are not in our way.

C. seems to us to confuse the seasons a little.

J. E. V.'s song of Castellar has nothing new in the thought.

The doom of the Lady Chapel of St. Mary Overis is all but sealed by Gothic numbers: there is yet a chance, for we see a public meeting summoned for this day.

The lines respecting Poland do not consist with our plan, which avoids all such subjects, either in prose or verse.

A Blue of the Old School shall be considered; but the subject is not altogether literary, and requires much care on our parts.

We did not observe, when speaking of the general accuracy of the *Time's Telescope* in our last Number, that the very next quotation contained a blunder, viz. that the circumference of a circle of 90 miles in diameter was 150 miles. It is palpably a misprint in the volume, and could hardly mislead the most ignorant.

Dr. Somerville presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and requests that he will mention, that the report of Dr. Becker's (of Berlin) death is unfounded. He has received several letters from that gentleman, of a late date, and is happy to say that he is in good health."

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